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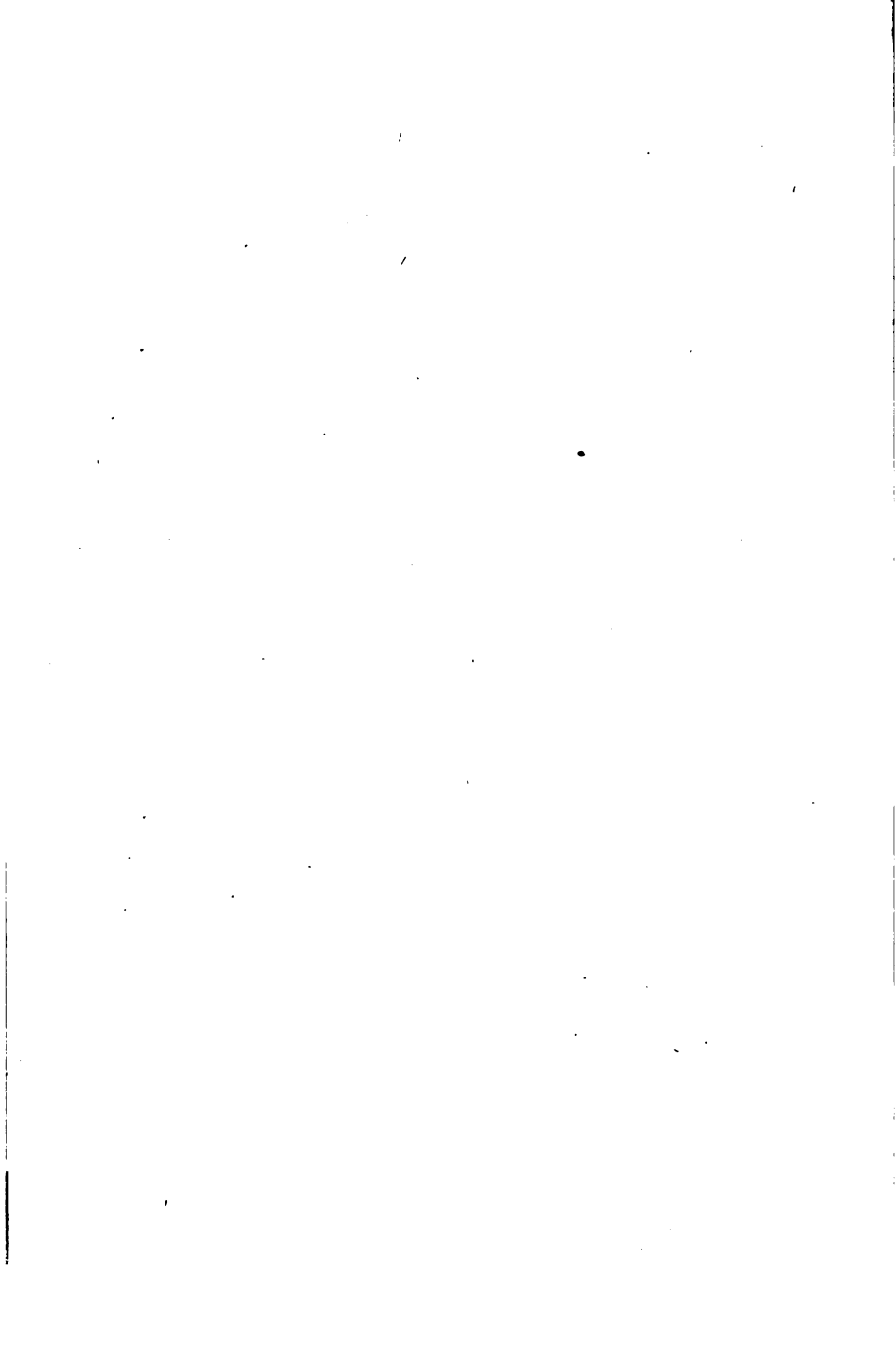


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Under the prevailing system of teaching, a book of readings should be adapted not to the brightest nor to the dullest, but to the average pupil in the grade it is intended to serve.

The selections in this volume have been carefully made with a view to the requirements of pupils who have taken the course in the Third Reader of the New Century Series. It will be found that the books progress slowly, and fully prepare the pupil for the more advanced selections found in the Fifth Reader of the series. The average pupil, in passing from this volume to the next in order, will feel nothing of the discouragement invariably caused by too abrupt an advance from the simple and familiar to the more mature.

The benefits to be derived from the use of readers in school work are conditioned by the contents of the books and the efforts of the teacher. The books should contain worthy matter, set forth in good literary form, both matter and form being adapted to the capacity of the pupil. Under the guidance of the teacher the pupil should acquire understanding of the subjects treated in the selections, the art of reading orally with a correct pronunciation of all the words, a clear-cut enunciation, a true interpretation of the author's thought by means of emphasis, and the use of natural tones in vocalizing.

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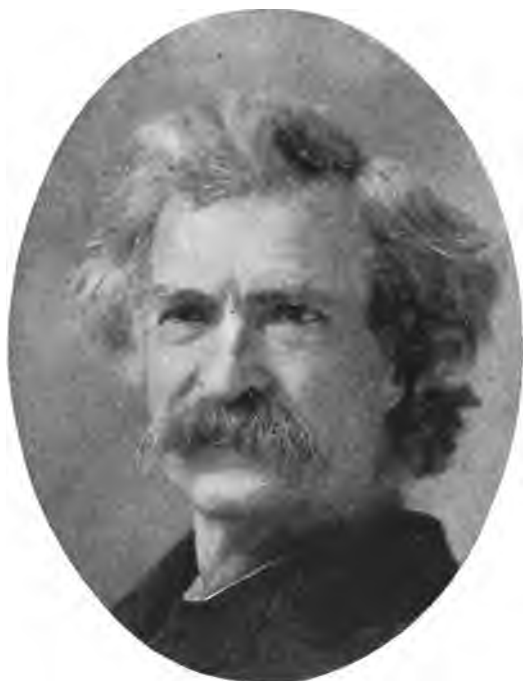
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SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

THE NEW CENTURY FOURTH READER

BLUE-JAYS.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

(From "Blue-Jays." Copyrighted by The American Publishing Company.)

Animals talk to each other, of course. There can be no question about that; but I suppose there are very few people who can understand them. I never knew but one man who could. I knew he could, however, because he told me so himself. He was a middle-aged, simple-hearted miner, who had lived in a lonely corner of California, and had studied the ways of his only neighbors, the beasts and the birds. Said he:

"There's more *to* a blue-jay than any other creature. He has got more moods and more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; and, mind you, whatever a blue-jay feels, he can put into language.

"A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor.

"Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me moved away. There stands his house—been

empty ever since; a log house, with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, when a blue-jay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, ‘Hello, I reckon I’ve struck something!’ When he spoke, the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn’t care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a ’possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says, ‘It looks like a hole, it’s located like a hole—blamed if I don’t believe it *is* a hole.’

“Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful this time; winks his wings and his tail both, and says, ‘If I ain’t in luck!—why, it’s a perfectly elegant hole!’ So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude, and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance, like breath off’n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, ‘Why, I didn’t hear it fall!’ He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole, and took another look from that side;

shook his head again. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof, and finally says, 'Well, it's too many for *me*, that's certain; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flirt his eye to the hole quick enough to see what become of it, but he was too late. He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, 'Well, *I* never struck such a hole as this before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole.' Then he begun to get mad. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through, he walks to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you.'

"And with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He never stopped to take a look any more—he just hove 'em in, and went for more. Well, at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, 'I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of one of 'em, I wish I may land in a museum!'

"Another jay was going by, and heard him, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, 'Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself.' So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, 'How many did you say

you put in there?' 'Not any less than two tons,' says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it.

"They did call in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half open, and at last one old jay happened to go and look in. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings, and raised a whoop. 'Come here!' he says, 'come here, everybody!'

"Well, sir, they roosted around here on the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't no use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better."

gūf fāwed', laughed loud.

museum (mū zē ūm), a collection of curiosities.

"DOWN TO SLEEP."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

* * * * *

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

AN ESKIMO HUT.

ISAAC I. HAYES.

(From "*An Arctic Boat Journey*.")

On the slope, and at fifty yards from the beach, in the midst of rocks and bowlders, stood the settlement,—two stone huts, twenty yards apart! It seemed more fitted for the dwelling-place of wild animals than for the home of human beings. Around it was a wilderness of rocks, and snow and ice. I embraced the opportunity to pay a visit to these huts. I found them to be in shape much like an old-fashioned country clay oven, square in front, and sloping back into the hill.

They were now covered with snow, and until



ESKIMO FROM YUKON RIVER.

after entering one of them, I could not discover of what material they were made. To get inside I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees through a covered passage about twelve feet long. Kalutunah, upon hearing my footsteps, came out to welcome me, which he did by patting me on the back and grinning in my face. Preceding me with a smoking torch, which was a piece of burning moss saturated with fat, he advanced through the low narrow passage, tramping over several snarling dogs and half-grown puppies. After making two or three turns, I observed at last a bright light streaming down through a hole, into which my guide elevated his body; and then, moving to one side, he made room for his

guest. I found myself in a den in which I could not stand upright, but which was crowded with human beings of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes. I was received with a hilarious shout which assured me of welcome. Like a flock of sheep crowding into a pen, they packed themselves in the corners to make room for me on the only seat which I could discover. I had come to gratify my own curiosity, but theirs was even more rapacious than mine, and must be first satisfied. Everything I had on and about me underwent the closest examination. My long beard greatly excited their interest and admiration. Being themselves without this hirsute appendage, or at most having only a few stiff hairs upon the upper lip and the point of the chin, I could readily appreciate their curiosity. They touched it and stroked it, patting me all the while on the back, and hanging on to my arms, legs, and shoulders.

I was a very Peter Parley among a crowd of overgrown children. They were greatly puzzled over my woolen clothing, and could not comprehend of what kind of skins it was made. The nearest that I could approach to a description was that it grew on an animal looking like an "ukalek" (hare). That it was not skin I could not make them understand. Hans, being once importuned at the ship on the same subject, told some of them, rather pettishly, that it was "man skin;" and this I found seemed to be the general impression.

During the incidents just detailed, I found leisure to examine the hut. The whole interior was about ten feet in diameter, and five and a half feet high.

The walls were made of stones, moss, and the bones of whale, narwhal, and other animals. They were not arched, but drawn in gradually from the foundation, and capped by long slabs of slate-stone, stretching from side to side.

The floor was covered with thin flat stones. Half of this floor at the back part of the hut was elevated a foot. This elevation was called "breck;" and it served both as bed and seat, being covered with dry grass, over which were spread bear and dog-skins. At the corners in front were similar elevations, under one of which lay a litter of pups, with their mother, and under the other was stowed a joint of meat. The front of the hut was square, and through it, above the passage-way, opened a window; a square sheet of strips of dried intestine, sewed together, admitted the light.

The hole of entrance in the floor was close to the front wall, and was covered with a piece of seal-skin. The walls were lined with seal or fox skins, stretched to dry. In the cracks between the stones were thrust whipstocks, and bone pegs on which hung coils of harpoon-lines. On one side of me, at the edge of the "breck," sat an old woman, and on the other side a young one, each busily engaged in attending to a smoky, greasy lamp. A third woman sat in a corner, similarly occupied.

The lamps were made of soapstone, and in shape much resembled a clam-shell, being about eight inches in diameter. The cavity was filled with oil, and on the straight edge a flame was burning quite brilliantly. The wick which supplied fuel to the flame was of moss. The only business of the women

seemed to be, to prevent the lamps from smoking, and to keep them supplied with blubber, large pieces of which were placed in them, the heat of the flame trying out the oil.

About three inches above this flame, hung, suspended from the ceiling, an oblong square pot of the same material as the lamp, in which something was slowly simmering. Over this was suspended a rack, made of bear-rib bones lashed together cross-wise, on which were placed to dry, stockings, mittens, pantaloons, and other articles of clothing. The inmates had no other fire than was supplied by the lamps, nor did they need any. The hut was absolutely hot. So many persons crowded into so small a space would, of themselves, keep the place warm. I counted eighteen, and may, very probably, have missed two or three small ones.

Centering each around its own particular lamp and pot were three families, one of which was represented by three generations. These three families numbered, in all, thirteen individuals; but besides these there were some visitors from the other hut.

The air of the place was insufferable, except for a short time. The half-decomposed scraps of fur, fat, and flesh, which lay upon the floor and "breck," or were heaped in the corners; the poisonous multiplicity of breathing lungs; the steam which rose from the heated bodies of the inmates; and the smoke of the lamps,—all together created an atmosphere which was almost stifling.

There may have been a vent-hole, but I did not see any. I perspired as if in the tropics. Perceiving this, the company invited me to imitate them,

and instantly half a dozen boys and girls seized my coat and boots, preparatory to stripping me. But I had brought from home certain conventional notions, and I declined the intended courtesy, telling them that I must go back to my people.

First, however, I must have something to eat. This was an invitation which I feared; and now that it had come, I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks (*koyenak*), was one of the few in their language that I knew, and of this I made the most.

They laughed heartily when I said "*Koyenak*," in reply to their invitation to eat; and immediately a not very beautiful young damsel poured some of the contents of one of the before-mentioned pots into a skin dish, and after sipping it, to make sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, she passed it to me over a group of heads. At first, my courage forsook me; but all eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolitic to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, swallowed the dose, and retired. I was afterward told that it was their great delicacy, which had been proffered to me,—a soup made by boiling together blood, oil, and seal-intestines. It was well that I was ignorant of this fact.

äp pënd' age (ä), something appended to; an addition.

böwël' dër, any mass of rock that has been transported by natural agencies from its native bed.

decomposed (dë' kôm pözd'), decayed.

hi lä' rí öüs, noisy; mirthful.

hir süte' (hër), shaggy.

im pöl' f tic (tik), unwise.

In süf' fër ä b'le, not endurable.

In tés' tines (tinz), entrails.

Kalutunah (kä löö töö' nä).

när' whal (hwäl), an arctic whale; the male usually has one long, twisted tusk.

Pë' tär Pär' ley, pen name of a writer of children's books.

rä pä' ciöus (shüs), greedy; immoderately exacting.

DAFFODILS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

joe' ūd (jök), lively; joyous.
mār' gīn (jīn), verge; border.

pēn' sive, thoughtful; sad.
vā' cant (kamt), empty of thought;
 thoughtless.

THE SPINDLE, THE NEEDLE, AND THE SHUTTLE.

(From "*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*")

A young girl who had lost both parents in her infancy lived in a little cottage at the end of the village with an old woman, who took care of her and brought her up to be industrious and pious. The maiden earned enough by spinning to support herself and the old woman. When she was in her fifteenth year the old woman fell sick, and one day called her to her bedside, and said to her, "Dear daughter, I feel that my end is approaching, so I will leave you this cottage and all that is in it. Here you will have shelter from wind and weather; and with the needle, the spindle, and the shuttle, you can easily earn your bread."

Then, laying her hand on the maiden's head, she blessed her, and said, "Keep God always in your heart, and you will never go wrong."

Not many days after this the old woman closed her eyes and died, and the poor girl followed her to the grave weeping bitterly. After this the maiden lived in the little cottage quite alone, working diligently at her spinning and weaving, and the blessing of the old woman seemed to rest upon all she did.

No sooner had she finished weaving a piece of cloth or carpet, or had made a shirt, than a purchaser was quickly found who paid her well; so she had as much as she needed for all her wants, and a little also to spare for the poor.

It happened about this time that the son of the

King of the country started on his travels to find a bride. The prince could choose for himself, except that his wife must not be poor, and he did not care for riches. So he decided in his heart that he would try and find one who was at the same time both the richest and the poorest.

When he arrived at the village near which the maiden dwelt, he inquired first for the richest maiden in the place, and, on being told, he then asked, "And which is the poorest?"

"The poorest is a maiden who lives at the end of the village, in a little cottage alone," was the ready reply. "Her cottage is easily found, for a winding path through a field leads to it."

The prince, in going to this cottage, rode through the village, and at the door of a stately house sat a maiden richly dressed, and as the King's son approached, she went out and bowed herself before him in a most courtly manner. The prince looked at her, but he said not a word, and rode on without stopping till he arrived at the house of the poor maiden.

She, however, was not seated at the door, but in her own little room busily at work. The prince drew rein, alighted from his horse, and peeped into the neat apartment. Just at that moment a ray of sunshine darted through the window, and lighted up everything within, so that he could see the maiden spinning at her wheel with the most earnest diligence.

Presently she glanced up, and, seeing a noble-looking gentleman looking at her through the window, she cast down her eyes and continued her

spinning, while her cheeks were covered with a rosy blush.

Whether the threads were even and regular at that moment we can not say; but she continued to spin without looking up again till the prince remounted his horse and rode away.

Then she rose and opened the window, saying to herself, "How very warm the room is to-day!" But she looked out and watched the stranger till she could no longer distinguish the white plume in his hat, and not till after he was quite out of sight did she return to her spinning-wheel and work as busily as ever.

Her thoughts were now on the handsome prince, although she knew not who he was; still, it was such an unusual event for a gentleman to look in at the window of her lonely cottage that she could not forget it.

At last strange ideas came into her head, and she began to sing some curious words which the old woman had taught her:

"Spindle, spindle, run away;
Fetch my lover here to-day."

To her astonishment, the spindle leaped from her hands that very moment, and rushed out of the house. She followed to the door, and stood looking after it with wondering eyes, for it was running and dancing quite merrily across the field, trailing behind it a bright golden thread, and presently it was lost to her eyes.

Having no longer a spindle, she took up her shuttle, seated herself, and commenced weaving. The

spindle, meanwhile, kept on its way, and just as the thread came to an end, it overtook the prince.

"What do I see?" he cried. "The thread behind this spindle will lead me to good fortune, no doubt."

So he turned his horse and rode back in the trail of the golden thread.

The maiden, who still worked on, thought presently of another of the rhymes taught her by the old woman, so she sang:

"Shuttle, shuttle, thou art free;
Bring my lover home to me."

Instantly the shuttle slipped from her hand, and ran to the door, but on the door-sill it stopped and began to weave the most beautiful carpet ever seen. In the center, on a golden ground, appeared a green creeping plant, and around it blush roses and white lilies were scattered. Hares and rabbits appeared running upon it; stags and deer stood beneath foliage, in which were birds of beautiful colors. The shuttle sprang here and there, and the carpet seemed to grow of itself.

As the maiden had now lost both spindle and shuttle, she was obliged to take out her needle, and while she sewed she sang:

"Needle, needle, while you shine,
Make the house look neat and fine."

On this the needle sprang from her fingers, and flew about the room as quick as lightning. It was just as if a number of invisible spirits were at work, for the table and benches were quickly covered with green cloth, the chairs with velvet, and curtains

of silk damask were hung to the windows and on the walls.

Scarcely had the needle finished the last stitch than the maiden saw through the window the white plume on the prince's hat; for he had followed carefully the golden thread till it reached her cottage.

He alighted from his horse, and quickly stepped in upon the beautiful carpet; when he entered the room, he saw the maiden, who even in her homely dress looked blooming and lovely as a wild rose.

"You are exactly what I seek," he said: "at once the poorest and the richest maiden in the world. Will you come with me and be my bride?"

She did not speak, but she held out her hand to him. He kissed the hand she offered, led her out, lifted her on his horse, and rode away with her to his father's castle.

The marriage was shortly after celebrated with great splendor and rejoicings. The needle, the spindle, and the shuttle were preserved in the treasure-chamber ever after with great honor.

dām' ask, silk woven with an elaborate pattern of flowers.

dil' i gence (jens), carefulness; perseverance.

FARMER JOHN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Home from his journey, Farmer John

Arrived this morning, safe and sound.

His black coat off and his old clothes on,

"Now I'm myself!" says Farmer John;

And he thinks "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him:

"Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!

Do you get good feed when I'm away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;

"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!

We'll wean the calf next week."

Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray:

"Ah! this is the comfort of going away."

"For, after all," says Farmer John,

"The best of a journey is getting home.
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live

For all their Paris and Rome?

These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare,
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away."

"There Money is king," says Farmer John ;

"And Fashion is queen ; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,

The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives !

The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.

"You see, old Bay,

You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,

"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry ;

And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent ;
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray !
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John —

O, a rich and happy man is he !
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,

And fruit on vine and tree ;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks

As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their
flanks ;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo.
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too —
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray —
Next time I travel so far away!"

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(From Chapter VI. of "Grandfather's Chair.")

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business ; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells ; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers ; so that



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence, they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the

mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were six-

pences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which

case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

buccaneer (būk' ká nēr'), a robber upon the sea.

bul' lion (yūn), uncoined gold or silver in the mass.

com mōd' i tŷ (kōm), anything that is movable and sold, except animals.

cur' rent (kūr'), common.

dil' i gēntly (jēnt lŷ), industriously.

pēr' son à b'le (sūn), presentable.

pōn' dēr oūs, weighty.

quin' tal (kwīn'), a hundred weight.

spē' cie (shī), hard money.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

* * * * *

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

* * * * *

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,

But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

bē nīgn', kindly.
 frā' grant, sweet-smelling.

In hēr' It, receive by right of birth.
 sīn' ewy (ū y), tough.

THE WHISTLE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my

money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth ; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money ; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation ; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind ; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle* ; and I saved my money. .

As I grew up, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle*.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his

fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

chagrin (shá grín'), mortification; vexation.

corporeal (kör pör ré al), material; bodily.

equipages (ék' wí páj éz), fine horses and carriages.

laud' á b'le, praiseworthy.

völ' ün tá rí lý, of one's own will.

HOW TO WRITE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

(From "How To Do It.")

It is supposed that you have learned your letters, and how to make them. It is supposed that you have written the school copies, from

Apes and Amazons aim at Art

down to

Zanies and Zodiacs are the zest of Zoroaster.

It is supposed that you can mind your p's and q's, and "that you can spell well."

Our first rule is, then,

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY.

The second rule is,

SAY IT.

That is, do not begin by saying something else,



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to "think of eight and sing seven." That may be a very good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking, or writing, or any of the other things that I have to do.

Thirdly, and always,

USE YOUR OWN LANGUAGE.

I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your every-day language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk, which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better. Remember that the very highest compliment paid to anything printed is paid when a person, hearing it read aloud, thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

Here is a piece of weak English. It is not bad in other regards, but simply weak.

"Entertaining unlimited confidence in your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the public interest, and being conscious of no motives on my part which are not inseparable from the honor and advancement of my country, I hope it may be my privilege to deserve and secure, not only your cordial coöperation in great public measures, but also those relations of mutual confidence and regard which it is always so desirable to cultivate between members of coördinate branches of the government."

Take that for an exercise in translating into shorter words. Strike out the unnecessary words, and see if it does not come out stronger.

A SHORT WORD IS BETTER THAN A LONG ONE.

I think this sentence would have been better if it had been couched in thirty-six words instead of eighty-one. I think we should have lost nothing of the author's meaning if he had said, "I have full trust in you. I am sure that I seek only the honor and advance of the country. I hope, therefore, that I may earn your respect and regard, while we heartily work together."

I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said:—

"I do not think I am fit for this place. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take the place, and, when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can."

It is a very grand sentence. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable.

accustomed (āk kūs' tūmd), made familiar by use.

ad vance' ment (vāns'), furtherance.

com' pli mēnt (kōm'), an expression of approval.

coöperation (kō ōp' ēr ā' shūn), joint labor.

coördinate (kō ōr' dī nāt), of equal rank.

dē vō' tion (shūn), consecration.

Zō' dī ac (āk), an imaginary belt in the heavens.

Zō' rō ās' tēr, founder of the ancient Persian religion.

Those whom the world agrees to call great are those who have done or produced something of permanent value to humanity.

—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

JEAN INGELow.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone ;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover :
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow ;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :
O children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late ;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head ;

“The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds can not sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells can not ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

REINDEER TRAVELING.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(From “Northern Travel”—G. P. Putnam’s Sons.)

After lunch we prepared ourselves for the new sensation. I put on a poesk of reindeer-skin, and my fur-lined Russian boots. Ludwig took a pulk also, to assist us in case of need. These pulks are shaped very much like a canoe; they are about five feet long, one foot deep, and eighteen inches wide, with a sharp bow and a square stern. You sit upright against the stern-board, with your legs stretched out in the bottom. The deer’s harness consists only of a collar of reindeer skin around the neck, with a rope at the bottom, which passes between the legs, and is fastened to the bow of the pulk. He is driven by a single rein, attached to the base of the left horn, and passing over the back to the right hand of the driver, who thrusts his thumb into a loop at the end, and takes several turns around his wrist. The rein is held rather slack, in order that it may be thrown over to the right side when it slips to the left, which it is very apt to do.

I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and

awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his horns. Ludwig set off first; my deer gave a startling leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance, as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift presentiment of the catastrophe flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk, bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arm, was standing still, facing me, with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) on his face. I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. Off we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until, the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snowdrifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom. My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white, solid mass, and my face began to tingle from its snow-bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white a beard suddenly emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Braisted, who was gathering himself up after his third shipwreck.

We took a fresh start, I narrowly missing another overturn, as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the

others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low huts of Muonioniska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland traveling.

It was delightfully novel and exhilarating. I urged my deer with shouts, and never once looked behind me until I had climbed the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time before they arrived, Braisted's deer having become fractious and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, "There is nothing equal to this, except riding behind a right whale when he drives to windward, with every man trimming the boat, and the spray flying over your bows!"

We now turned northward through the village, flying around many sharp corners. We had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby plowed a cat-a-ract of fine snow into my face, completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest pitch, flung me out, and the deer, eager to make for home, dragged me by the arm for about twenty yards before I could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although the temperature was only zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed, excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

är räst', stop.

catastrophe (kà tās' trô fê), sudden calamity.

exhilarating (эгз'ил' à rā' tīng), cheering.

prē sēn' tī ment, foreboding.

süb sīd' ing, becoming calmed.

trē mēn' doūs, terrible.

THE SANDPIPER.

CELIA THAXTER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!

To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

stanch, firm.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. This dear boy slept only a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he fell asleep only one second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said, only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful."

"'I should be ashamed, father!' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!'"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(From Lincoln Monument, Lincoln Park, Chicago.)

“‘Go, then go, my boy,’ I said, ‘and God keep you!’ God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen.” And the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

“Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not.”

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor’s hand a letter. “It is from *him*,” was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers; he held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

“DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

“You know, I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and, the day before *that* night, I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the baggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know’ it until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” said Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by kindness—‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let *him* die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by,

father! God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him in a better, better life."

"Amen," said Mr. Owen, solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me. But I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the back stoop opened softly, and a little girl glided out, and went down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather to fly than to walk, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's would refuse

to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed; and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell your father, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard that prayer?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap was fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said, "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd had gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer

Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he said fervently, "*The Lord be praised!*"

án nounce' ment (nouns'), proclamation; publication.

anxious (ápk' shūs), disturbed.

blanched (bláncht), whitened; paled.

cul' pá b'le (kūl'), worthy of blame.

double - quick (dūb' 'l - kwík'), the fastest time in marching.

incredibly (in kréd' I blý), surpassing belief.

jūs' tī fī cation (kā' shūn), vindication.

mechanically (mē kān' I kal lý), done as if by a machine.

pál' sy (zý), to paralyze.

rē prīve', delay of punishment.

SIR GALAHAD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

* * * * *

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board; no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.



SIR GALAHAD.

George Frederick Watts

- A gentle sound, an awful light!
• Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows e'er the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

* * * * *

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

casque (kâsk), a helmet.

copse (kôpe), a thicket of brushwood.

fën, low land covered with water.

hōs' tēl, an inn.

hō' lŷ Grāil, supposed to be the cup
 used by our Lord at the Last Supper.

mēre, a waste place.

THE WOODS OF THE WEST.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

Oh, woods of the West, leafy woods that I love,
 Where through the long days I have heard
 The prayer of the wind in the branches above
 And the tremulous song of the bird,
 Where the clustering blooms of the dog-wood hang
 o'er—

White stars in the dusk of the pine,
 And down the dim aisles of the old forest pour
 The sunbeams that melt into wine!

Oh, woods of the West, how oft to your shade
 Have I come in the hot August hours,
 And trod the green mantle lone Solitude laid
 Through the deeps of your night-haunted bowers,
 And lingering beside the pure, crystalline streams—
 Those poets that rhyme as they run,
 And watched in the shallows the silvery gleams
 Of the minnows in meshes of sun!

Oh, woods of the West, I am sighing to-day
For the sea-songs your voices repeat,
For the evergreen glades, for the glades far away
From the stifling air of the street,
And I long, ah, I long to be with you again
And to dream in that region of rest,
Forever apart from this warring of men—
Oh, wonderful woods of the West!

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find any-half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated for a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry.

Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright. "Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters."

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken, again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion;

"for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry."

But these last words died away upon Daffydown-dilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life!

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale, "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world."

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

"Oh, take me back!—Take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even when he was doing his best to run away from him.

Little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness.

dex tər' i t̃y (dōks), skill; cleverness.

ingenuous (in jən' ū ūs), noble; frank.

THE CORN-SONG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

ex ŭlt' (эгз'), to be in high spirits.
sămp, coarse hominy.

văp' id, insipid; dull.

TO THE DANDELION.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An El Dorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

* * * * *

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret
 show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

blithe' some, cheery.
 El' Dô rā' dô, exceeding richness.
 pœer, an equal.

pī' è tŷ, devotion.
 prôd' I gal, a spendthrift.
 ûn tânt' éd, undefiled.

DON FULANO.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

(From "John Brent.")

It was late August. All the tall grass and wild oats and barley, over lift, level, and hollow, were ripe yellow or warm brown,—a golden mantle over the golden soil. There were but two colors in the

simple, broad picture,—clear, deep, scintillating blue in the sky, melting blue in the mountains, and all the earth a golden surging sea.

As we rode on, our ponies half hidden in the dry, rustling grass of a hollow, a tramp of hoofs came to us with the wind,—a thrilling sound! with something free and vigorous in it that the charge of trained squadrons never has.

We halted to pass the coming army of riderless steeds in review.

There they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of the prairie; then they burst over, like the foam and spray of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent. My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian.

The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the corral.

Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black, my purchase, my old friend.

It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the very chiefest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How untamably he stepped! The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hindmost, with large and liberal action. And even at this half

speed easily overtaking his slower comrades, he from time to time paused, bounded in the air, tossed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with suppressed power.

There was not a white spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant nostril had caught upon his flank. A thorough-bred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. His coat glistened, as if the best groom in England had just given him the final touches of his toilet.

Hard after the riderless horses came José, the vaquero, on a fast mustang. As he rode, he whirled his lasso with easy turn of the wrist.

The black, trotting still, and halting still to curvet and caracole, turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies and break their spirit by brutality; but an American horse is no more to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! Make your cast! Don't trifle with your lasso! I challenge you. Jerk away, Señor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish."

So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance and his whinny of disdain.

José took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer.

They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the vaquero, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breezeless.

Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor!

The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping its circle perfect, waiting for the vaquero's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

Hurrah!

THROUGH IT WENT THE BLACK.

With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched only to spurn its vain assault with his hindmost hoof.

"Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah! 't is," shouted Gerrian.

José dragged in his spurned lasso.

The black, with elated head, and tail waving like a banner, sprang forward, closed in with the caballada; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite over the swells of the prairie.

Meantime, loping on, we had come in sight of the corral. There, to our great surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. They were putting their heads together as the manner of social horses is, and going through kissing manœuvres in little knots, which presently were broken up by the heels of some ill-mannered or jealous brother. They were very probably discussing the black's act of horsemanship.

We rode up and fastened our horses. The black was within the corral, pawing the ground, neighing,

and whinnying. His companions kept at a respectful distance.

"Don't send in José!" said I to Gerrian. "Only let him keep off the horses, so that I shall not be kicked, and I will try my hand at the black alone."

"I'll hev 'em all turned out except that black devil, and then you ken go in and take your own resk with him."

José drove the herd out of the staked enclosure. The black showed no special disposition to follow. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars.

I entered alone. It was not many minutes before we were good friends. He would bear my caresses and my arm about his neck, and that was all for an hour. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then by gentle seductions I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

Gerrian and the Mexican looked on in great wonderment.

"P'r'aps that is the best way," said the modern patriarch, "ef a man has got patience."

My wooing of the black occupied all my leisure. Every day, a circle of Pikes collected to see my management. I hope they took lessons in the law of kindness.

The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. He gave me to understand, by playful protest, that it was only by his good pleasure that I was permitted on his back, and that he endured saddle and bridle; as to spur or whip,

they were not thought of by either. He did not obey, but consented. I exercised no control. We were of one mind. We became a Centaur.

I named him DON FULANO.

caballada (kă' vâl yâ' thâ), a drove of horses.

caracole (kăr' â kôl), to wheel.

career (kâ rër'), full speed.

Centaur (sên' tər), a fabulous being, half man and half horse.

con tēmp' tū ōs lý (kôn), scornfully.

corral (kôr' râl), a pen for animals.

cur' vêt (kūr'), frolicsome leap of a horse.

lās' sô, a thong with a running noose.

mancœuvre (mâ nôô' vër), movement.

pră' rîe, a tract of level treeless land.

scîn' tîl lăt ing, sparkling.

seduction (sê dūk' shūn), means of leading astray.

Señor (sâ nyôr), Sir.

suite (swêt), retinue.

vaquero (vâ kâ' rô), herdsman.

"PUSLEY."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

(From "*My Summer in a Garden*.")

I asked Polly if she had seen to the garden while I was away, and she said she had. I found that all the melons had been seen to, and the early grapes and pears. The green worm had also seen to about half the celery; and a large flock of chickens were roaming over the ground, gossiping in the hot September sun, and picking up any odd trifle that might be left. On the whole, the garden could not have been better seen to; though it would take a sharp eye to see the potato-vines amid the rampant grass and weeds.

The new strawberry-plants, for one thing, had taken advantage of my absence. Every one of them had sent out as many scarlet runners as an Indian tribe has. Some of them had blossomed; and a few

had gone so far as to bear ripe berries,—long, pear-shaped fruit, hanging like the ear-pendants of an East-Indian bride.

But another enemy had come into the strawberries, which, after all that has been said in these papers, I am almost ashamed to mention. But does the preacher in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, shrink from speaking of sin? I refer, of course, to the greatest enemy of mankind, “pusley.” The ground was carpeted with it. I should think that this was the tenth crop of the season; and it was as good as the first. I see no reason why our northern soil is not as prolific as that of the tropics, and will not produce as many crops in the year. The mistake we make is in trying to force things that are not natural to it. I have no doubt that, if we turn our attention to “pusley,” we can beat the world.

I had no idea, until recently, how generally this simple and thrifty plant is feared and hated. I was not long ago in the Adirondacks. We had built a camp for the night, in the heart of the woods, high up on John’s Brook and near the foot of Mount Marcy: I can see the lovely spot now. It was on the bank of a crystal, rocky stream, at the foot of high and slender falls, which poured into a broad amber basin. Out of this basin we had just taken trout enough for our supper, which had been killed, and roasted over the fire on sharp sticks, and eaten before they had an opportunity to feel the chill of this deceitful world. We were lying under the hut of spruce bark, on fragrant hemlock-boughs, talking, after supper. In front of us was a huge fire of birch

logs; and over it we could see the top of the falls glistening in the moonlight; and the roar of the falls, and the brawling of the stream near us, filled all the ancient woods. We were talking with old Phelps, the guide. Old Phelps is at once guide, philosopher, and friend. He knows the woods and streams and mountains, and their savage inhabitants, as well as we know all our rich relations and what they are doing; and in lonely bear-hunts and sable-trappings he has thought out and solved most of the problems of life. As he stands in his wood-gear, he is as grizzly as an old cedar-tree; and he speaks in a high falsetto voice, which would be invaluable to a boatswain in a storm at sea.

We had been talking of all subjects about which rational men are interested,—bears, panthers, trapping, the habits of trout, the tariff, the internal revenue (to wit, the injustice of laying such a tax on tobacco, and none on dogs: "There ain't no dog in the United States," says the guide, at the top of his voice, "that earns his living"), the propagation of seeds in the wilderness (as, for instance, where were the seeds lying for ages that spring up into certain plants and flowers as soon as a spot is cleared anywhere in the most remote forest; and why does a growth of oak-trees always come up after a growth of pine has been removed?)—in short, we had pretty nearly reached a solution of many mysteries, when Phelps suddenly exclaimed with uncommon energy,—

"Wall, there's one thing that beats me!"

"What's that?" we all asked with undisguised curiosity.

"That's 'pusley'!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has come to one door in life which is hopelessly shut, and from which he retires in despair. "Where it comes from I don't know, nor what to do with it. It's in my garden; and I can't get rid of it. It beats me."

About "pusley" the guide had no theory and no hope. A feeling of awe came over me, as we lay there at midnight, hushed by the sound of the stream and the rising wind in the spruce-tops. Then man can go nowhere that "pusley" will not attend him. Though he camp on the Upper Au Sable, or penetrate the forest where rolls the Allegash, and hears no sound save his own allegations, he will not escape it.

By the time a man gets to be eighty he learns that he is compassed by limitations, and that there has been a natural boundary set to his individual powers. As he goes on in life, he begins to doubt his ability to destroy all evil and to reform all abuses, and to suspect that there will be much left to do after he has done. I stepped into my garden in the spring, not doubting that I should be easily master of the weeds. I have simply learned that an institution which is at least six thousand years old, and I believe six millions, is not to be put down in one season.

ăl' lě gā' tion (shūn), assertion.
fəl sēt' tō, a false or artificial voice.

prō lī' ic (ik), productive; fruitful.
prōp' ā gā' tion (shūn), increase;
diffusion.

BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

H. D. THOREAU.

(From "Walden.")

• One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the

tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants, then watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited some-

what even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that

day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Achilles (à kŭ' lēz), the hero of Homer's Iliad.

ās sŭd' ū ōŭs lŷ, devotedly.

chām' pŭ ōn (ŭn), combatant.

in' tēr nē' cŭne (sŭn), mutually destructive.

lē' gŭn (jŭn), a multitude.

Myr' mŭ dŭn (mēr'), one of the followers of Achilles in the Trojan war.

Pā trŭ' clus (klŭs), a friend of Achilles.

pēr' tŭ nacŭty (nās' ŭ tŷ), obstinacy.

vŭse, an instrument for holding work.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Pipes of the misty moorland,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather, -
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!” the soldier said;
“To-morrow, death’s between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
“Dinna ye hear it?—Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o’ Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother’s cradle-crooning
The mountains’ pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell’s call:
“Hark! hear ye no’ MacGregor’s,—
The grandest o’ them all!”

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch

O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played!

brāe, a hillside.

Gāel' ie (Ik), pertaining to the Celtic Highlanders of Scotland.

loch (lök), lake; bay.

pibroch (pē' brök), the martial air of the Highlanders.

tär' ten, Scotch plaid.

vengeance (vénj' ans), mischief.

ROBIN HOOD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "*Ivanhoe*.")

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley,"* said Prince John to the bold

*Robin Hood.

yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill thy bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the

appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout! A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his

wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonnie lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards,

I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a'mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best," as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly

won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

bæl' dric (drík), a broad belt.

dexterity (dëks tēr' I tÿ), skill.

prē cedence (sēd' enp), preference.

prōv' ost (ūst), a person who is appointed to superintend something.

quiver (kwiv' ēr), a sheath for arrows.

reluctance (rē lūk' tana), aversion of mind.

rūn' ā gāte, a vagabond.

sith, since.

vēnt, to give passage to.

yeō' mæn rÿ, collective body of freeholders.

THE SPIDER SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

(From "Little Folks in Feather and Fur.")

I suppose you think we spiders are nobodies because we go about quietly minding our own business, neither flaunting in gay colors, like Madam Butterfly, nor making noise enough to craze one,

like Mr. Humble-Bee. But I can tell you the *Arachnida* family is more ancient than the Human family, who take on so many airs, prying into our secrets with that impertinent little microscope of theirs.

However, we're an honest and industrious family, and there's nothing about us to be ashamed of. In fact, I could show you some wonderful things, if your eyes were not too coarse to see them. There are my spinnerets, which spin out a beautiful silk rope of more than four thousand threads, as fast as I want it. Wouldn't you children think it fine if you could make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?

Then you've never seen my combs; you can't—they're too small. I have one on each foot, and I use them to keep myself free from dust, as well as my web. I don't like to boast, but I really think you would admire my eyes. I have eight of them—I don't see how you can get along with two, though to be sure you can turn yours about. They are placed in a square in my forehead. Those of us who live under ground have their eyes close together in the foreheads, and those who live in the air have them more scattered, so as to see all around.

Then I should really like to show you my babies, but alas!—they're much too small. I carry them about with me all the time, till they're big-enough to take care of themselves. They ride on my back and head, and in fact, there are so many that they nearly cover me up.

It doesn't become me to brag, but if you know of any residence more graceful or elegant than mine, I'd like to know what it is.

Some of my family live in a sort of tent made of a leaf lined with silk, which makes a pretty though rather airy house.

One branch of the family builds a house—or rather a cradle—shaped like a tiny bell, and hung to a leaf or twig, where it rocks with every breeze. It is not larger than a pea, snow-white, and very long. But after it is finished and filled with eggs, forty or fifty of them, the careful mother closes it up, and covers the outside with mud, because you must know, there are many greedy insects who will eat every Spider baby they see.

Others build hanging houses. Some are three or four inches long, slim and made of white silk; others are made of empty seed pods fastened together and lined with silk, for wherever one of the *Arachnida* family lives, she must have silk curtains to her house.

One of my relatives who lives in the West Indies—a splendid fellow, with body an inch and a half long, and bushes of hair on his legs—fastens his house to a plant, and it looks like an oval silk ball. It is very aristocratic and nice.

But I think the most wonderful house is made by the Trap-door Spider, another foreigner—native of Australia. She is quite large, more than an inch long, and she digs a deep tunnel in the ground, which, of course, she lines with heavy silk hangings. Then at the top she makes a door, so wonderful that she takes her name from it. It is made of silk, stiffened with some sort of gum. The outside is covered with dirt, bits of bark, etc., exactly like the ground around it, so that when it is shut it can

not be seen. The whole is hung with a hinge like any door. What do you think of that? Madam *Oteniza* (for that's her book name) often sits in her door to enjoy the air, but if anyone comes near, she slams the door, and holds it fast.

Some of my family have a strange fancy for living about the water. One of them is called the Raft-Spider, because he makes a raft of leaves and sticks, held together with silk. On this he sails around, eating such food as he can find on the water. He can run on the water too, easily.

The most singular one, who builds a snug house under water, is called the Water Spider. Now you know that *Arachnida*—as well as you—must have air to breathe, and one would think they must live on land; but this spider is so determined to live away from her relatives, that she builds a beautiful house of silk, the shape and size of a thimble, with the open side down, and actually fills it with air herself. I'll tell you how. Having finished the house, she goes to the surface, sticks one end of her body up into the air, then gives a jerk, and actually carries a tiny bubble of air under the water. It is held partly by the long hairs on her body, and partly by the hind legs. When she gets to the house she turns around, and lets go the bubble. Of course it goes to the top of the little thimble, and there it stays.

In this wonderful way, bubble by bubble, air enough is carried down to fill the house. And there she lives, bringing her dinner there to eat, and making a nursery in one corner for the babies,

who live at home till big enough to build thimble-castles for themselves.

I'm afraid you would get very tired before I could tell you about half the members of our family.

är' is tō cratic (krät' Ik), having a proud or haughty bearing.

Ctē nī' zā, spider of species known as trap-door spider.

dē tēr' mined, decided; limited.

figunt' ing, moving ostentatiously.

för' eign ör (In), an alien.

nûrs' ör ý, a room devoted to the care of children.

spín' nēr ét, spinning apparatus of the spider.

MY FIRST GOLD MINE.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

(From "*Roughing It*." Copyrighted by The American Publishing Company.)

I confess, without shame, that I expected to find masses of silver lying all about the ground. I expected to see it glittering in the sun on the mountain summits. I said nothing about this, for some instinct told me that I might possibly have an exaggerated idea about it, and so if I betrayed my thought I might bring derision upon myself. Yet I was as perfectly satisfied in my own mind as I could be of anything, that I was going to gather up, in a day or two, or at furthest a week or two, silver enough to make me satisfactorily wealthy—and so my fancy was already busy with plans for spending this money.

The first opportunity that offered, I sauntered carelessly away from the cabin, keeping an eye on the other boys, and stopping and contemplating the sky when they seemed to be observing me; but as soon as the coast was manifestly clear, I fled away

as guiltily as a thief might have done and never halted till I was far beyond sight and call. Then I began my search with a feverish excitement that was brimful of expectation—almost of certainty. I crawled about the ground, seizing and examining bits of stone, blowing the dust from them or rubbing them on my clothes, and then peering at them with anxious hope.

Presently I found a bright fragment and my heart bounded! I hid behind a boulder and polished it and scrutinized it with a nervous eagerness and a delight that was more pronounced than absolute certainty itself could have afforded. The more I examined the fragment the more I was convinced that I had found the door to fortune. I marked the spot and carried away my specimen. Up and down the rugged mountain side I searched, with always increasing interest and 'always augmenting gratitude that I had come to Humboldt and come in time.

Of all the experiences of my life, this secret search among the hidden treasures of silver-land was the nearest to unmarred ecstasy. It was a delirious revel. By and by, in the bed of a shallow rivulet, I found a deposit of shining yellow scales, and my breath almost forsook me! A gold mine, and in my simplicity I had been content with vulgar silver! I was so excited that I half believed my overwrought imagination was deceiving me.

Then a fear came upon me that people might be observing me and would guess my secret. Moved by this thought, I made a circuit of the place, and ascended a knoll to reconnoiter. Solitude. No

creature was near. Then I returned to my mine, fortifying myself against possible disappointment, but my fears were groundless—the shining scales were still there. I set about scooping them out, and for an hour I toiled down the windings of the stream and robbed its bed.

But at last the descending sun warned me to give up the quest, and I turned homeward laden with wealth. As I walked along I could not help smiling at the thought of my being so excited over my fragment of silver when a nobler metal was almost under my nose. In this little time the former had so fallen in my estimation that once or twice I was on the point of throwing it away.

The boys were as hungry as usual, but I could eat nothing. Neither could I talk. I was full of dreams and far away. Their conversation interrupted the flow of my fancy somewhat, and annoyed me a little, too. I despised the sordid and commonplace things they talked about. But as they proceeded, it began to amuse me.

It grew to be rare fun to hear them planning their poor little economies and sighing over possible privations and distresses when a gold mine, all our own, lay within sight of the cabin and I could point it out at any moment. Smothered hilarity began to oppress me, presently. It was hard to resist the impulse to burst out with exultation and reveal everything; but I did resist. I said within myself that I would filter the great news through my lips calmly and be serene as a summer morning while I watched its effect in their faces. I said:

“Where have you all been?”

"Prospecting."

"What did you find?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What do you think of the country?"

"Can't tell, yet," said Mr. Ballou, who was an old gold miner, and had likewise had considerable experience among the silver mines.

"Well, haven't you formed any sort of opinion?"

"Yes, a sort of a one. It's fair enough here, may be, but overrated. Seven thousand dollar ledges are scarce, though. That Sheba may be rich enough, but we don't own it; and besides, the rock is so full of base metals that all the science in the world can't work it. We'll not starve, here, but we'll not get rich, I'm afraid."

"So you think the prospect is pretty poor?"

"No name for it!"

"Well, we'd better go back, hadn't we?"

"Oh, not yet—of course not. We'll try it a riffle, first."

"Suppose, now—this is merely a supposition, you know—suppose you could find a ledge that would yield, say, a hundred and fifty dollars a ton—would that satisfy you?"

"Try us once!" from the whole party.

"Or suppose—merely a supposition, of course—suppose you were to find a ledge that would yield two thousand dollars a ton—would *that* satisfy you?"

"Here—what do you mean? What are you coming at? Is there some mystery behind all this?"

"Never mind. I am not saying anything. You know perfectly well there are no rich mines here—

of course you do. Because you have been around and examined-for yourselves. Anybody would know that, that had been around. But just for the sake of argument, suppose—in a kind of general way—suppose some person were to tell you that two-thousand-dollar ledges were simply contemptible—contemptible, understand—and that right yonder in sight of this very cabin there were piles of pure gold and pure silver—oceans of it—enough to make you all rich in twenty-four hours! Come!”

“I should say he was as crazy as a loon!” said old Ballou, but wild with excitement, nevertheless.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “I don’t say anything—I haven’t been around, you know, and of course don’t know anything—but all I ask of you is to cast your eye on *that*, for instance, and tell me what you think of it!” and I tossed my treasure before them.

There was an eager scramble for it and a closing of heads together over it under the candlelight. Then old Ballou said:

“Think of it? I think it is nothing but a lot of granite rubbish and mica that isn’t worth ten cents an acre!”

So vanished my dream. So melted my wealth away. So toppled my airy castle to the earth and left me stricken and forlorn.

Moralizing, I observed, then, that “all that glitters is not gold.”

Mr. Ballou said I could go further than that, and lay it up among my treasures of knowledge, that *nothing* that glitters is gold. So I learned then, once for all, that gold in its native state is but dull, unornamental stuff, and that only low-born metals

excite the admiration of the ignorant with an ostentatious glitter. However, like the rest of the world, I still go on underrating men of gold and glorifying men of mica. Commonplace human nature can not rise above that.

gug mǎnt' íng, increasing.

contemplating (kǒn' tǎm plā tǐng), studying.

contemptible (kǒn tǎmt' í b'í), worthless; worthy of contempt.

hí lǎr' í tǎy, mirth; merriment.

ǒs' tǎn tǎ' tious (shūs), boastful.

rec' ǒn noi' tǎr (rǎk'), to examine with the eye.

scrú' tǐ nǐzē (skrú'), to examine closely.

sǎr' díd, mean; vile.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(From Chapter XXIII. of "The Prairie.")

"You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man," cried Middleton; "the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

"Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the Eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting

moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered,—

"Your gran'ther would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none among them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding

among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portion. * * * *

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smooty path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? Your gran'ther had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see—we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth, for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

āliment, food.

Anan (ā năn'), What did you say?

ā vid'itŷ, eagerness.

cir'eūm vēnt' (sēr'), delude; deceive.

com būs'ti b'le (kōm), substance which may be set on fire.

dī ām'ē tēr, width.

hazardous (hāz' ērd ūs), dangerous.

sūf ficed (fīzd'), met the need.

Tē tōns', tribe of Indians in Idaho.

wanton (wōn'tūn), heedless; unrestrained.

A SONNET.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The hope of truth grows stronger day by day ;
I hear the soul of Man around me waking,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder ;
The memory of a glory passed away
Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free,
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

THE DOG.

KATE SANBORN.

(From "My Literary Zoo.")

Literature, history, and biography are full to overflowing of instances of affection between dogs and their owners. Remember the dog Argus, which died of joy on the return of his master Ulysses after twenty years' absence. The story is touchingly told in Homer's *Odyssey* :

"As he draws near the gates of his own palace, he espies, dying of old age, disease, and neglect, his

dog Argus—the companion of many a long chase in happier days. His instinct at once detects his old master, even through the disguise lent by the goddess of wisdom. Before he sees him he knows his voice and step, and raises his ears—

“And when he marked Odysseus in the way,
And could no longer to his lord come near,
Fawned with his tail and drooped in feeble play
His ears. Odysseus, turning, wiped a tear.”

It is poor Argus' last effort, and the old hound turns and dies—just having seen Odysseus in the twentieth year.

Byron, that egotistic, misanthropic genius, composed an epitaph on Boatswain, his favorite dog, whose death threw the moody poet into deepest melancholy. The dog's grave is to the present day shown among the conspicuous objects at Newstead. Visitors to his old estate will find a marked monument with this tribute :

NEAR THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF
ONE THAT POSSESSED BEAUTY, WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH, WITHOUT INSOLENCES,
COURAGE, WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN, WITHOUT HIS VICES.
THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE
UNMEANING FLATTERY
IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,
IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF BOATSWAIN, A DOG,
WHO WAS BORN IN NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY, 1803,
AND DIED
AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOVEMBER 18, 1808.

EPITAPH.

When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend.
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth ;
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
O man, thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust.
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit.
By Nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn
Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn ;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Dr. John Brown's exquisite prose poem of Rab and his Friends is as lasting a memorial to that dog as any built of granite or marble. The dog is emphatically the central figure, the hero of the story. The author sat for his picture with Rab by his side, and we are told that his interest in a half-blind and aged pet was evinced in the very last

hours of his life. Matthew Arnold had many pets, and not only loved them in life, but has given them immortality by his appreciative tributes to dogs, and cat and canary. Mrs. Browning was fond of pets, especially of her dog Flush, presented by Miss Mitford, which she has immortalized in a sonnet and a long and exquisite poem. Another favorite was honored by Dr. Holland, essayist, lecturer, magazine editor, and poet:

TO MY DOG BLANCO.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
 A willing vassal at my feet,
 Glad partner of my home and fare,
 My shadow in the street.

* * * * *

I clasp your head upon my breast—
 The while you whine and lick my hand—
 And thus our friendship is confessed,
 And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
 As truly as you worship me,
 Or follow where my Master trod
 With your humility—

Did I sit fondly at his feet,
 As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
 And watch him with a love as sweet,
 My life would grow divine!

bê sieged' (sēj'd'), hemmed in.
cap tiv' I tŷ (kăp), imprisonment.
dīs guise' (gīz'), false appearance.
ē' gō tīs' tic (tīk), concealed.
ēs pies' (pīz'), discovers.
Ith' ā ca (kā), one of the Ionian Islands.

mīs' ān thrōp' ic (īk), hating mankind.
Odyssey (ōd' is sŷ), Greek poem attributed to Homer.
Ulysses (ū līs' sēz), Greek chieftain in the Trojan War.
vās' səl, a servant.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

(From "An Old-Fashioned Girl.")

Polly hoped the "dreadful boy" would not be present; but he was, and stared at her all dinner-time, in a most trying manner. Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said, "How do you do, my dear? Hope you'll enjoy yourself;" and then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing. Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an imposing cap, exclaimed on seeing Polly, "Bless my heart! the image of her mother—a sweet woman—how is she, dear?" and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses, till, between Madam and Tom, poor Polly lost her appetite.

Fanny chatted like a magpie, and Maud fidgeted, till Tom proposed to put her under the big dish-cover, which produced such an explosion, that the young lady was borne screaming away, by the much-enduring Katy. It was altogether an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. They all went about their own affairs; and after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room.

Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded, and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the

room. Presently Madam came slowly in, and sat down in her armchair, saying, "That's a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I haven't heard it this many a day."

Polly didn't like to sing before strangers, for she had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano, and did as she was bid.

"That's the sort of music it's a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear," said Madam, in her gentle way, when she had done.

Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice, that went straight to the listener's heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store. The more she sung, the better she did it; and when she wound up with "A Health to King Charlie," the room quite rung with the stirring music made by the big piano and the little maid.

"That's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself.

It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to Madam in the other room. The red head vanished like a meteor, for Polly's tone had been decidedly cool.

The old lady put out her hand, and, drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such

kind eyes, that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidently; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it.

"You mustn't mind my staring, dear," said Madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek. "I haven't seen a little girl for so long, it does my old eyes good to look at you." Polly thought that a very odd speech, and couldn't help saying, "Aren't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

"Oh, dear, no! not what I call little girls. Fan has been a young lady this two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child."

"What a very queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said "Yes'm" respectfully, and looked at the fire. "You don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked Madam, still holding her by the chin. "No'm; not quite."

"Well, dear, I'll tell you. In my day, children of fourteen and fifteen didn't dress in the height of the fashion; go to parties, as nearly like those of grown people as it's possible to make them; lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives, and get *blasé* at twenty. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played, like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

The old lady appeared to forget Polly at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue.

"Was he your father, Madam?"

"Yes, my dear; my honored father. I did up his frills to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned was five dollars which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the handsomest darn in his silk stockings."

"How proud you must have been!" cried Polly, leaning on the old lady's knee with an interested face.

"Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers; and I'm the last—seventy, next birthday, my dear, and not worn out yet; though daughter Shaw is an invalid at forty."

"That's the way I was brought up, and that's why Fan calls me old-fashioned, I suppose. Tell more about your papa, please; I like it," said Polly.

"Say 'father.' We never called him papa; and if one of my brothers had addressed him as 'governor,' as boys do now, I really think he'd have him cut off with a shilling."

âp' pè tite, any strong desire.
chintz (chînts), cotton cloth printed with
flowers.

mê' tê or (êr), any appearance in the
atmosphere.
queue (kû), a tail-like appendage of hair.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Household Words.")

"Uncle," asked Harry, who was a favorite with the old gentleman, "can you tell me what you do when you put a candle out?"



CHARLES DICKENS.

"Clap an extinguisher on it."

"Oh! but I mean, 'you cut off its supply of oxygen,'" said Master Harry.

"Cut off its what?"

"He means something he heard at the Royal Institution," observed Mrs. Wilkinson. "He reads a great deal about chemistry, and he attended lectures there on the chemical history of a candle, and has been full of it ever since."

"Now, you Sir," said Uncle Bagges, "come you here to me, and tell me what you have to say about this comical chemical history of a candle."

"Let him teach his old uncle the comicality and chemicality of a farthing rushlight."

"A wax candle will be nicer and cleaner, uncle, and answer the purpose. There's one on the mantle-shelf. Let me light it."

"Now, uncle," commenced Harry, having drawn his chair to the side of Mr. Bagges, "we have got our candle burning. What do you see?"

"Let me put on my spectacles," answered the uncle.

"Look down on the top of the candle around the wick. See, it is a little cup full of melted wax. The heat of the flame has melted the wax just around the wick. The cold air keeps the outside of it hard, so as to make the rim of it. The melted wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burnt, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. What do you think makes it go up, uncle?"

"Why—why, the flame draws it up, doesn't it?"

"Not exactly, uncle. It goes up through little tiny passages in the cotton wick, because very, very

small channels, or pipes, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. What they do it by is called cap—something.”

“Capillary attraction, Harry,” suggested Mr. Wilkinson.

“Now, I’ll blow the candle out. Look at the smoke rising from the wick. I’ll hold a bit of lighted paper in the smoke, so as not to touch the wick. But see, for all that, the candle lights again. So this shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapor; and the vapor burns. The heat of the burning vapor keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up too within the flame, and turned into vapor, and burnt, and so on till the wax is all used up, and the candle is gone. So the flame, uncle, you see, is the last of the candle, and the candle seems to go through the flame into nothing—although it doesn’t, but goes into several things, and isn’t it curious, as Professor Faraday said, that the candle should look so splendid and glorious in going away?”

“The flame of the candle looks flat to you; but if we were to put a lamp glass over it, so as to shelter it from the draught, you would see it is round, and running up to a peak. You know that hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up the chimney. What should you think was in the middle of the flame?”

“I should say, fire,” replied Uncle Bagges.

“Oh, no! The flame is hollow. It doesn’t touch the wick. Inside of it is the vapor I told you of just now. If you put one end of a bent pipe into the middle of the flame, and let the other end of

the pipe dip into a bottle, the vapor or gas from the candle will mix with the air there; and if you set fire to the mixture of gas from the candle and air in the bottle, it would go off with a bang."

"I wish you'd do that, Harry," said Master Tom, the younger brother of the juvenile lecturer.

"I want the proper things," answered Harry. "Well, uncle, the flame of the candle is a little shining case, with gas in the inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the air and the gas. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn, and when the candle burns properly, none of it ever passes out through the flame; and none of the air ever gets in through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in this case of flame."

"Case of flame!" repeated Mr. Bagges.

"I can show you," said Harry. "I take this piece of white paper, look, and hold it a second or two down upon the candle-flame, keeping the flame very steady. Now I'll rub off the black of the smoke, and—there—you find that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring."

"But," proceeded Harry, "there is more in the candle-flame than the gas that comes out of the candle. You know a candle won't burn without air. There must always be air around the gas, and touching it like, to make it burn. If a candle hasn't got enough air, it goes out, or burns badly, so that some of the vapor inside of the flame comes out through it in the form of smoke, and this is the reason of a candle smoking."

"What should you say, now," continued Harry,

"if I told you that the smoke that comes out of a candle is the very thing that makes a candle light? Yes; a candle shines by consuming its own smoke. The smoke of a candle is a cloud of small dust, and the little grains of the dust are bits of charcoal or carbon, as chemists call it. They are burnt the moment they are made. The place they are made in, is in the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax, and, as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin case of flame, they burn."

"Can you tell me how it is that the little bits of carbon cause the brightness of the flame?" asked Mr. Wilkinson.

"Because they are pieces of solid matter," answered Harry. "To make a flame shine, there must always be some solid—or at least liquid—matter in it."

"Some gases and other things," resumed Harry, "that burn with a flame you can hardly see, burn splendidly when something solid is put into them."

"Well! Some of us seniors may learn something from a juvenile lecture. And now, my boy, I will tell you what," added Mr. Bagges, "I am very glad to find you so fond of study and science; and you deserve to be encouraged; and so I'll give you a Galvanic Battery on your next birthday; and so much for your teaching your old uncle the chemistry of a candle."

ăp' pá rā' tūs, machinery.

chemical (kēm' i kal), produced by forces and operations of chemistry.

con sūm' ing (kōn), wasting; burning up.

extinguisher (ēks tīp' guish ēr), that which destroys or causes anything to die.

jū' vē nīle, youthful.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

* * * * *

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened;—
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept, the village fathers,
By river, lake, and shore
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more:
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

“Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven’s own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation’s champions
Her dread appeal to try.
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

“Once more;—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel’s side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

“A crash, as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o’er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George’s blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,
But what is she whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

“Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada’s knell!
The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
Rose o’er the crimsoned swell;

And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

“O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

“I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's ‘land of flowers’!
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!”

He ceased,—the grim old soldier-saint,—
Then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

* * * * *

chām' pī ons (ūnz), defenders; heroes.

dē' mōn, evil spirit.

ōrb, a globe.

quell (kwēl), subdue; overpower.

rēm'nānt, that which remains after a
part is destroyed; remainder.

spec' tral (spēk'), ghostly.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

å býss', a bottomless depth.

chafed (chäft), worn by friction.

fowl'ër, a sportsman who pursues wild fowl.

Il lîm'ît å b'le, boundless.

marge (märj), margin ; edge.

pläsh'ý, watery ; splashy.

pår sũe', follow.

söl' í tá rý, lonely.

THE LONELY ROCK.

JEAN INGELow.

(From "Stories Told to a Child.")

Three summers ago I had a severe illness, and on recovering from it, my father took me for change of air, to the very north of Scotland, to a place which he had himself delighted in when a boy, a lonely farm-house, standing on the shore of a rocky bay in one of the Orkneys.

I used to lie and learn that beautiful bay by heart. In the afternoon the water was often a pale sea-green, and the cliffs were speckled with multitudes of sea-birds ; and bright in the sunshine I loved to watch at a distance the small mountain

goats climbing from point to point; but above all things, I loved to watch the long wavy reflection of a tall black rock which was perfectly isolated, and stood out to sea in the very center of the bay.

Shipwreck and death it had often caused, it was the dread and scourge of the bay, but it yielded no shelter nor food for beast or bird; not a blade of grass waved there—nothing stood there.

Now let us go back a long time, and talk about things which happened before we were born. I am not going to tell of the many fishing-boats which went out and were seen no more—of the many brave men that hard by that fatal place went under the surging water, of the many toiling rowers that made, as they thought, straight for home, and struck, and had only time for one cry—“The Rock! the Rock!”

The long time ago, of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel, and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage, her father's body was washed up on shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course, as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a

candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, can not now be told.

Fifty years of life and labor — fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor.

Happy woman — and but for the dreaded rock her charity might never have been called into exercise!

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they *pay* the woman?

No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look on it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all.

You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the Rock. Few, like the rock, stand up wholly to work ruin and destruction; few, like the woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good.

hănk, several skeins of yarn tied together.
in ăd' ă quate (kwăt), insufficient.
ī sô lă' téd, separated from others.

Orkneys (ôrk' nêz), islands north of Scotland.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring,
 First plant thee in the watery mold,

And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

* * * * *

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

ŭn āpt', not disposed.

THE BIRD OF THE MORNING.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

(From "*Bird-Ways*.")

If every bird has his vocation, as a poetical French writer suggests, that of the American robin must be to inspire cheerfulness and contentment in men. His joyous "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheery! Be cheery! Be cheery!" poured out in the early



ROBIN.

morning from the top branch of the highest tree in the neighborhood, is one of the most stimulating sounds of spring.

He must be unfeeling indeed who can help deserting his bed and peering through blinds till he discovers the charming philosopher, with head erect and breast glowing in the dawning light, forgetting the cares of life in the ecstasy of song.

Besides admonishing others to cheerfulness, the robin sets the example. Not only is his cheering voice the first in the morning and the last at night—of the day birds,—but no rain is wet enough to dampen his spirits.

In a drizzly, uncomfortable day, when all other birds go about their necessary tasks of food-hunting in dismal silence, the robin is not a whit less happy than when the sun shines; and his cheery voice rings out to comfort not only the inmates of the damp little home in the maple, but the owners of water-proofs and umbrellas who mope in the house.

The most delightful study of one summer, not long ago, was the daily life, the joys and sorrows, of a family of robins, whose pretty castle in the air rested on a stout fork of a maple-tree branch near my window. Day by day I watched their ways till I learned to know them well.

When I first took my seat I felt like an intruder, which the robin plainly considered me to be. He eyed me with the greatest suspicion, alighting on the ground in a terrible flutter, resolved to brave the ogre, yet on the alert, and ready for instant flight should anything threaten. The moment he touched the ground, he would lower his head and

run with breathless haste five or six feet; then stop, raise his head as pert as a daisy, and look at the monster to see if it had moved.

After convincing himself that all was safe, he would turn his eyes downward, and in an instant thrust his bill into the soil where the sod was thin, throwing up a little shower of earth, and doing this again and again, so vehemently that sometimes he was taken off his feet by the jerk.

Then he would drag out a worm, run a few feet farther in a panic-stricken way, as though "taking his life in his hands," again look on the ground, and again pull out a worm; all the time in an inconsequent manner, as though he had nothing particular on his mind, and merely collected worms by way of passing the time.

So he would go on, never eating a morsel, but gathering worms till he had three or four of the wriggling creatures hanging from his firm little beak. Then he would fly to a low branch, run up a little way, take another short flight, and thus having, as he plainly intended by this zigzag course, completely deceived the observer as to his destination, he would slip quietly to the nest and quickly dispose of his load.

In half a minute he was back again, running and watching, and digging as before. And this work he kept up nearly all day. In silence, too, for noisy and talkative as the bird is, he keeps his mouth shut when on the ground. In all my watching of robins for years in several places, I scarcely ever heard one make a sound when on the ground, near a human dwelling.

I was surprised to discover, in my close attention to them, that although early to rise, robins are by no means early to bed. Long after every feather was supposed to be at rest for the night, I would sit out and listen to the gossip, the last words, the scraps of song,—different in every individual robin, yet all variations on the theme “Be cheery,”—and often the sharp “He he he he he!” so like a girl’s laugh, out of the shadowy depths of the maple.

One of the most interesting entertainments of the later days was to hear the young birds’ music lesson. In the early morning the father would place himself in the thickest part of the tree, not as usual in plain sight on the top, and with his pupil near him would begin, “Cheery! cheery! be cheery!” in a loud, clear voice; and then would follow a feeble, wavering, uncertain attempt to copy the song.

Again papa would chant the first strain, and baby would pipe out his funny notes. This was kept up, till in a surprisingly short time, after much daily practice both with the copy and without, I could hardly tell father from son.

The baby robin taken apart from his kind is an interesting study. Before he can fairly balance himself on his uncertain, wavering little legs, or lay claim to more than the promise of a tail, he displays the brave, self-reliant spirit of his race.

He utters loud, defiant calls, pecks boldly at an intruding hand, and stands—as well as he is able—staring one full in the face without blinking, asserting by his attitude and by every bristling feather that he is a living being,—he too has an

“inalienable right to life, liberty, etc.”; and, in the depths of your soul, you can not gainsay him. If you have already, in his helpless infancy, made him captive, the blush of shame arises, and you involuntarily throw wide the prison doors.

chânt, sing.

ec' stá sŷ (ěk'), excessive joy; delight.

in ál' ien á b'le (yen), not transferable.

inconsequent (in kôn'sě kwěnt), unimportant; inconsistent.

ogre (o' gěr), cruel monster.

sūs pl' cion (shün), mistrust.

vě' hě ment lŷ, furiously; impetuously.

vocation (vô kă' shün), calling; business.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

The most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now, but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by Englishmen, and were still under the control of the British Government.

George the Third, the King of England, and some of his noblemen had done all that they could to oppress the people of these colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their goods to any other country than England. They would not allow the Americans to cut down pine trees outside of inclosed fields, or to manufacture iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws. At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that

article and sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed.

About the first of December one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston, arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

"Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?" asked some one in the assembly.

"Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer," said another.

"I will be one of the guard, myself," said John Hancock, "rather than that there shall be none."

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night, and

that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

The next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: "It is entirely out of our power to send back the teas; but we are willing to store them until we shall receive further directions."

Further directions from whom? The British government?

The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without touching land and without paying duty. The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

When the expected tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship owners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

On the sixteenth of December seven thousand men were present at the town meeting, and every

one voted that the tea should not be landed. "Having put our hands to the plow," said one, "we must not now think of looking back." And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered, and announced that not only the revenue officers, but the Governor, had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

At that instant a shout was heard on the porch; a yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea—all that could be found—into the waters of the bay.

The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. "All things," said John Adams, who became afterward the second President of the United States, "all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of

rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

This was one of the first acts which led to the war that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years the colonies had become free and independent States.

cargo (kār'gō), load; freight.

clearance (klēr'ans), permission to sail.

disperse, separate; scatter.

ōp presse', crush out.

pōst pōne', defer to a later time.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea ;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soar'd
 From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd —
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
 Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trode.
 They have left unstain'd what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God.

aisle (II), a lateral division of a building.

ăn' thēm, a selection from the Scriptures,
 set to sacred music.

ex'ile (ěgz), person banished from his
 country.

sě rēne' lý, calmly.

shrine, any sacred place.

THE STORM.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "David Copperfield.")

"Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound.

But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys.

Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up.

Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings, some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

The tremendous sea itself, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach. Masses of water shivered and shook

the beach with a booming sound; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

I went back to the inn and tried to sleep, but in vain. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished. For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water. At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down-stairs. I remained there, I dare say, two hours.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was 'broad day—eight or nine o'clock;

the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by! A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little. But, the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

á bāte' ment, lessening; decrease.

ā d jā' cent (sent), near; neighboring.

agitation (ā i tā' shūn), excitement.

collier (kōl' yēr), a ship that carries coal.

lieu (lū), place; stead.

con' grē gāt ing (kōŋ'), assembling; gathering.

extraordinary (ēks trōr' dī nā rý), uncommon.

mûrk' ý, gloomy.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

BRET HARTE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
 By furrowed glade and dell,
 To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
 Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that can not find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That like thy petals, trembles in possession
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed ;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil :

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fiber cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfill,
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still !

tillage (tîl' əj), cultivation; farming.
târ' bîd, rolled; not clear.

ûn wont' əd (wûnt'), unaccustomed.

THE KINDLY JEST.

CHARLES READE.

(From "Good Stories.")

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to attend closely to him, and improve his mind. This tutor, it seems, took for his example a certain predecessor of his, who used to coach young Cyrus indoors and out; and both these tutors, each in his own country and his own generation, had the brains to see that to educate a young fellow you must not merely set him tasks to learn indoors, and then let him run wild in the open air, but must accompany him wherever he goes, and guide him with your greater experience in his practical judgment of the various events that pass before his eyes. For how shall he learn to apply an experience which he does not really possess? What a boy learns by rote is not knowledge, but knowledge's shadow.

One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up a couple of pebbles, and said, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces." "Hum!" says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without his having stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in instead—and you have plenty of that, you know, more than I should allow you

if I were your father—the old fellow would be far more flabbergasted, and his grimaces would be more entertaining, and you would be more satisfied with yourself.”

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a double dollar into each shoe. Then the confederates hid behind a hedge and watched the result of their trick.

They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work—work a little beyond his years—and slipped his right foot into his right shoe. Finding something hard in it, he took it off again and discovered a double dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled. He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, and, still gazing at it with wonder, he mechanically slipped his foot into the other sabot. There he found another coin. He took it up, and holding out both his hands, gazed with wonder at them.

Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell on his knees, and cried out in a loud voice, “O God, this is your doing. Nobody but you knows the state we are in at home, my wife in her bed, my children starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is you who have sent me these blessed coins by one of your angels.”

Then he paused, and another idea struck him:

“Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are human angels, even in this world; kind hearts that love to feed the hungry, and succor the poor. One of these has passed by, like sunshine in winter,

and has seen the poor old man's shoes, and has dropped all this money into them, and gone on again, and not even waited to be thanked. But a poor man's blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his own time. May God and his angels go with you, keep you from poverty and from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart a little of the warmth and the joy you have brought to me and mine. I'll do no more work to-day. I'll go home to my wife and children, and they shall kneel, and bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it."

He put on his shoes, shouldered his axe, and went home. Then the spies had a little dialogue.

"This I call really good fun," said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice; "and what are you sniveling at?"

"'Tisn't I that am sniveling so; it is you."

"Well, then, we are both sniveling," said the tutor, and with that, being foreigners, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotions any longer.

"Come on," said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow him to be sure; I want to know where he lives. Do you think I will let his wife be sick, and his children starve, after this?"

"Dear boy," said the tutor, "I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age, nor the heart, that does things by halves."

So they dogged their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence from

that hour to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

Now I think that both these veins of humor might be worked to the profit of mankind, and especially of those who can contrive to be witty or humorous, yet kindly, and of those who will profit by this improved sort of humor.

competence (kôm' pē tēns), property sufficient for the conveniences of life.

con fœd' ēr āte (kôn), an ally; an accomplice.

flāb' bër gāst ēd, astonished.

grī mace' (mās'), a distortion of the countenance.

prœd' ē cessor (sēs' sēr), one who has preceded another in a position.

sabot (sā' bō'), a wooden shoe worn by the peasantry in European countries.

succor (sūk' kër), to give assistance to; to relieve.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for-ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who had seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot or an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewel'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;

From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

šs' pën, a species of poplar whose leaves
 tremble with the slightest movement
 in the air.

bał' dric (drík), a shoulder belt.

chârł, a rough, ill-bred man.

gäl' äx ý, the Milky Way.

greaves (grëvz), armor for below the
 knees.

hooves (hōövz), hoofs.

shäl' lōp (lūp), a boat with masts and
 sails.

AN ICEBERG ASTRAY.

R. H. DANA.

(From "Two Years Before the Mast.")

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, Doctor?"* asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island,

* The cook's title in all vessels.



ICEBERG.

its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight.

Its great size,—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and

several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

pín' ná cle (k'l), a lofty peak.
scuttle (sküt' t'l), a small opening in a vessel's deck or sides, or in a floor, a roof, etc.

stú pěn' doüs, wonderful ; amazing.
süb lîm' I t'ý, grandeur
trâns pâr' ent, clear ; admitting the passage of light.

FATE.

BRET HARTE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare ;
The spray of the tempest is white in air ;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb ;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee ;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake-shock.

BIRDS OF THE FAR WEST.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From "*Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*.")

In the spring mornings the rider on the plains will hear bird songs unknown in the East. The Missouri skylark sings while soaring above the great plateaus so high in the air that it is impossible to

see the bird; and this habit of singing while soaring it shares with some sparrow-like birds that are often found in company with it. The white-shouldered lark-bunting, in its livery of black, has rich, full notes, and as it sings on the wing it reminds one of the bobolink; and the sweet-voiced lark-finch also utters its song in the air. These birds, and most of the sparrows of the plains, are characteristic of this region.

But many of our birds, especially those found in the wooded river bottoms, answer to those of the East; only almost each one has some marked point of difference from its Eastern representative.

The bluebird out West is very much of a blue bird indeed, for it has no "earth tinge" on its breast at all; while the indigo-bird, on the contrary, has gained the ruddy markings that the other has lost. The flicker has the shafts of its wing and tail quills colored orange instead of yellow. The towhee has lost all title to its name, for its only cry is a mew like that of a cat-bird; while, most wonderful of all, the meadow-lark has found a rich, strong voice, and is one of the sweetest and most incessant singers we have.

Throughout June the thickets and groves about the ranch house are loud with bird music from before dawn till long after sunrise. The thrashers have sung all the night through from among the thorn-bushes, if there has been a moon, or even if there has been bright starlight; and before the first glimmer of gray the bell-like, silvery songs of the shy woodland thrushes chime in; while meadow-lark, robin, bluebird, and song sparrow, together

with many rarer singers, like the grosbeak, join in swelling the chorus.

There are some would-be singers whose intention is better than their execution. Blackbirds of several kinds are plenty round the house and stables, walking about with a knowing air, like so many dwarf crows; and now and then a flock of yellow-heads will mix for a few days with their purple or rusty-colored brethren.

The males of these yellow-headed grakles are really handsome, their orange and yellow heads contrasting finely with the black of the rest of their plumage; but their voices are discordant to a degree. When a flock has done feeding it will often light in straggling order among the trees in front of the veranda, and then the males will begin to sing, or rather to utter the most extraordinary collection of broken sounds—creakings, gurglings, hisses, twitters, and every now and then a liquid note or two. It is like an accentuated representation of the noise made by a flock of common blackbirds.

At nightfall the poor-wills begin to utter their boding call from the wooded ravines back in the hills; not “whip-poor-will,” as in the East, but with two syllables only. They often come round the ranch house.

Late one evening I had been sitting motionless on the veranda, looking out across the water and watching the green and brown of the hill-tops change to purple and umber and then fade off into shadowy gray as the somber darkness deepened. Suddenly a poor-will lit on the floor beside me and stayed some little time; now and then uttering its

mournful cries, then ceasing for a few moments as it flitted round after insects, and again returning to the same place to begin anew. The little owls, too, call to each other with tremulous, quavering voices throughout the livelong night, as they sit in the creaking trees that overhang the roof.

In the hot noontide hours of midsummer there are few sounds to break the stillness. From the upper branches of the cottonwood trees overhead, whose shimmering, tremulous leaves are hardly ever quiet, comes every now and then the soft, melancholy cooing of the mourning dove, whose voice always seems far away and expresses more than any other sound in nature the sadness of gentle, hopeless, never-ending grief. The other birds are still; and very few animals move about.

accentuated (āk sĕn' tū ā' tĕd), emphasized.

characteristic (kă'r āk tēr is' tĭk), peculiar to.

discordant (dĭs kôrd' ant), harsh; jarring.

execution (ĕks' ĕ kŭ' shŭn), performance.

grakle (grăk' 'l), blackbird.

plâ teau' (tô'), table-land.

ŭm' bĕr, brown; dusky.

THE AVARICIOUS MILLER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine": but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man;

he might be very well for aught he knew ; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor ; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him ; but though these were small, they were certain : while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating ; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires ; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him ! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan ; how slyly would I carry it home ; not even my wife should see me ; and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow !"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy : he discontinued his former assiduity ; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind,

at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their

eagerness to know the exact sum ; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

acquisitions (āk' kwī zīsh' ūnz), gains.

āf' fū ence (ens), wealth; abundance.

ās sī dū' I tŷ, diligence.

avaricious (āv' ā rīsh' ūs), greedy; covetous.

frū gāl' I tŷ, economy.

māt' toek (tūk), an implement for digging.

pāl' trŷ, worthless; mean.

veracity (vē rās' I tŷ), truth.

THE FIRST COTTON GIN.

HORACE GREELEY.

(From "Eli Whitney and His Cotton Gin," in "The American Conflict.")

In the British colonies now composing this country, the experiment of cotton-planting was tried so early as 1621. The export of 1790, as returned, was eighty-one bags ; and the entire cotton crop of the United States at that time was probably less than the product of some single plantation in our day.* For, though the plant grew luxuriantly and produced abundantly throughout tide-water Virginia and all that portion of our country lying southward and southwestward of Richmond, yet the enormous labor required to separate the seed from the tiny handful of fibers wherein it was imbedded, precluded its extensive and profitable cultivation. It seemed that the limit of American cotton cultivation had been fully reached, when an event occurred which speedily revolutionized the

*1864.

industry of our slave-holding States and the commerce and manufactures of the world.

Eli Whitney, a native of Westborough, Massachusetts, born December 8, 1765, was descended from ancestors of English stock. They were farmers, and, like most farmers of those days, in very moderate circumstances. Eli's father, industrious and ingenious, had a workshop wherein he devoted the inclement season to the making of wheels and chairs. Here the son early developed a remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill. At nineteen, he resolved to obtain a liberal education; but it was not until he had reached the age of twenty-three that he obtained the means of prosecuting his studies in Yale.

Mr. Whitney graduated in the fall of 1792, and directly engaged with a Mr. B., from Georgia, as a private teacher. On his way thither, he had as a traveling companion Mrs. Greene, widow of the eminent Revolutionary General, Nathaniel Greene, who was returning to Savannah, after spending the summer at the North. On his arrival at Savannah, Mrs. Greene kindly invited him to the hospitalities of her residence. He was now informed by his employer that his services were not required, he (B.) having employed another teacher in his stead! Mrs. Greene hereupon urged him to make her house his home so long as that should be desirable, and he gratefully accepted the offer.

Mrs. Greene happened to be engaged in embroidering on a peculiar frame known as a tambour. It was badly constructed, so that it injured the fabric

while it impeded its production. Mr. Whitney eagerly volunteered to make her a better, and did so on a plan wholly new, to her great delight.

A large party of Georgians, from Augusta and the plantations above, soon after paid Mrs. G. a visit. Among the topics discussed by them around her fireside was the depressed state of Agriculture, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of Cotton, because of the trouble and expense incurred in separating the seed from the fiber. These representations impelled Mrs. Greene to say: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney—*he* can make anything."

She showed them her new tambour-frame and several ingenious toys which Mr. Whitney had made for the gratification of her children. She then introduced them to Whitney himself, extolling his genius and commending him to their confidence and friendship. In the conversation which ensued, he observed that he had never seen cotton nor cotton-seed.

Mr. Whitney promised nothing and gave little encouragement, but went to work. No cotton in the seed being at hand, he went to Savannah and searched among warehouses and boats until he found a small parcel. This he carried home and secluded with himself in a basement room, where he set himself at work to devise and construct the implement required.

Tools being few and rude, he was constrained to make better—drawing his own wire, because none could, at that time, be bought in the city of Savannah.

Mrs. Greene and her friend, Mr. Miller, were the

only persons who were allowed the entrée of his workshop—in fact, the only ones who clearly knew what he was about. His mysterious hammering and tinkering in that solitary cell were subjects of infinite curiosity, marvel, and ridicule among the younger members of the family. But he did not interfere with their merriment, nor allow them to interfere with his enterprise; and, before the close of winter, his machine was so nearly perfected that its success was no longer doubtful.

Mrs. Greene, too eager to realize and enjoy her friend's triumph, in view of the existing stagnation of Georgian industry, invited an assemblage at her house of leading gentlemen from various parts of the State, and, on the first day after their meeting, conducted them to a temporary building, erected for the machine, in which they saw, with astonishment and delight, that one man with Whitney's invention could separate more cotton from the seed in a single day than he could without it by the labor of months.

Reports of the nature and value of his invention were widely and rapidly circulated, creating intense excitement. Multitudes hastened from all quarters to see his original machine; but, no patent having yet been secured, it was deemed unsafe to gratify their curiosity; so they broke open the building by night, and carried off the wonderful prize. Before he could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of imitations had been made and set to work, deviating in some respects from the original, in the hope of thus evading all penalty.

In December, 1807, Mr. Whitney obtained a verdict

against the pirates on his invention; his patent being now in the last year of its existence. The patent expired in 1808, leaving him a poorer man, doubtless, than though he had never listened to the suggestions of his friend, Mrs. Greene.

côn strâined', forced; compelled.

entrée (ân' trâ'), entrance; freedom.

êx tôi' lîng, praising.

inclement (în klêm' ent), stormy.

ingenious (în jên' yûs), skillful; clever.

prôs' ê cutîng (kû' tîng), pursuing; following.

rêv' ô lû' tîonîze (shûn lz), change completely.

rîd' I cule (kûl), sport or laughter.

stâg nâ' tîon (shûn), state of being dull.

tâm' bour (bôor), a small frame for stretching and firmly holding cloth.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(JUNE 24, A. D. 1314.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "*Tales of a Grandfather*.")

King Edward II, as we have already said, was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favorites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father, Edward I, would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to re-conquer so much of the country. But we have seen, that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skillful, though ambitious King, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterward neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance

which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the provinces which the King of England possessed in France; many Irish, many Welsh,—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might

supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterward, in memory of the event, called the Gillies'

hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, in order that they might survey the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting

his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-ax made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse, but as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-ax, so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-ax."

The next morning being the 24th of June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at

Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defense, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterward called the Gillies' Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for another army coming to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de

Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

The English never before or afterward, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

šd drěse', skillful management.

străt' à gem (jěm), secret plot.

THE COYOTE.

S. L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

(From "*Roughing It*." Copyrighted by The American Publishing Company.)

The coyote is a long, slim, sick and sorry looking skeleton, with a gray wolfskin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.



COYOTES

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is *always* hungry. He is always poor, out of luck and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is *so* homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful.

When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon, that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a Minié rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifle cannon, and by the time you have “drawn a bead” on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now.

But if you start a swift-footed dog after him,

you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and to save the soul of him he can not understand why it is that he can not get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him—and *then* that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

This “spurt” finds him six feet behind the gliding

enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

"Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day"—and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a coyote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

äg' grà vā' tēd, annoyed.

āl' lē gō rŷ, a type; an emblem.

coyote (kī' ō tē), prairie wolf.

fraud' fūl, trickish; deceitful.

fār' tīve, sly; stealthy.

īg nō' b'le, mean; shameful.

pēr cep' tī blŷ (sēp'), visibly.

Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts the tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

UNCLE SANDY AS A NATURALIST.

HUGH MILLER.

(From "My Schools and Schoolmasters.")

It is low water in the Frith of Cromarty between six and seven o'clock in the evening; and my Uncle Sandy, in returning from his work at the close of the day, used not unfrequently to strike down the hillside, and spend a quiet hour in the ebb.

I delighted to accompany him on these occasions. There are professors of Natural History that know less of living nature than was known by Uncle Sandy; and I deemed it no small matter to have all the various productions of the sea with which he was acquainted pointed out to me in these walks.

He was a skillful crab and lobster fisher, and knew every hole and cranny, along several miles of rocky shore, in which the creatures were accustomed to shelter, with not a few of their own peculiarities of character. Contrary to the view taken by some of our naturalists, such as Agassiz, who hold that the crab—a genus comparatively recent in its appearance in creation—is higher in its standing than the more ancient lobster, my uncle regarded the lobster as a more intelligent animal than the crab.

The hole in which the lobster lodges has almost always two openings, he has said, through one of which it sometimes contrives to escape when the other is stormed by the fisher; whereas the crab is usually content, like the "rat devoid of soul,"

with a hole of only one opening; and, besides, gets so angry in most cases with his assailant, as to become more bent on assault than escape, and so loses himself through sheer loss of temper.

Yet the crab has, he used to add, some points of intelligence about him too. When, as sometimes happened, he got hold, in his dark narrow recess in the rock, of some luckless digit, my uncle showed me how that, after the first tremendous squeeze, he began always to experiment upon what he had got, by alternately slackening and straightening his grasp, as if to ascertain whether it had life in it, or was merely a piece of dead matter.

The only way to escape him, on these trying occasions, was to let the finger lie passively between his nippers, as if it were a bit of stick or tangle; when, apparently deeming it such, he would be sure to let it go. On the least attempt to withdraw it, he would at once straighten his grip, and not again relax it for mayhap half an hour.

In dealing with the lobster, the fisher had to beware that he did not depend too much on the hold he had got of the creature, if it was merely a hold of one of the great claws. For a moment it would remain passive in his grasp; he would then be sensible of a slight tremor in the captured limb, and mayhap hear a slight crackle; and, *presto*, the captive would straightway be off like a dart through the deep-water hole, and only the limb remain in the fisher's hand.

Lobsters do not always lose their limbs with the necessary judgment. They throw them off when suddenly frightened, without first waiting to consider

whether the sacrifice of a pair of legs is the best mode of obviating the danger.

On firing a musket over a lobster just captured, my uncle has seen it throw off both its great claws in the sudden extremity of its terror, just as a panic-struck soldier sometimes throws away his weapons.

The tract of sea-bottom laid dry by the ebb formed an admirable school, and Uncle Sandy an excellent teacher, under whom I was not in the least disposed to trifle; and when, long after, I learned to detect old-marine bottoms far out of sight of the sea—now amid the ancient forest-covered Silurians of central England, and anon opening to the light on some hillside among the Mountain Limestones—I have felt how very much I owed to his instructions.

His facts wanted a vocabulary adequately fitted to represent them; but though they “lacked a commodity of good names,” they were all founded on careful observation, and possessed that first element of respectability—perfect originality: they were all acquired by himself. I owed more, however, to the habit of observation which he assisted me in forming, than even to his facts; and yet some of these were of high value.

Agassiz (äg' a see), noted naturalist.
a nōn', then.
com mōd' i tŷ (kōm), benefit; convenience.
digit (dij' it), a finger or toe.
frith, the widening of a river at its mouth.

ōb' vi ſ' tīng, preventing.
peculiarity (pē kŭl' yār' i tŷ), a special and distinctive characteristic; individuality.
ſi lŭ' rī ōn, the country anciently inhabited by a people called the Silures.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From "The Life of Henry W. Grady, Including His Writings and Speeches.")

My special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. In a course of several months pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street to Rector, I have made many acquaintances along the route—and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf.

One of these is a boy about six years of age. I first saw this boy on a little balcony, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over the railing, his white head just clearing the top, holding a short round stick in his hand.

The little fellow made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent.

Every day afterwards, I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had. But he was never without it.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw any one in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have no venti-

lation. Once I missed the boy from the balcony, but saw his white head, moving about slowly in the dusk of the room.

Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him. Not that I ever saw any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope or estimation, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him—but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile—but a smile that was soberness itself.

Wherever I went that day that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony—joyless, hopeless, friendless—a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets—lifting his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other.

At length—but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bed-ridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was left to himself all day?

It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island

yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes — watched the bathers and children — listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach — ate a robust lunch on the pier — wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub — and that through all these manifold pleasures, I had a companion who enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching — and that as I came back in the boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the fore-deck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick.

And finally that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.

bê tš' kened (k'nd), indicated; signified.
cordage (kôrd' âj), ropes; cords.
šm' â lâte, imitate; equal.

pět' â lance (lans), ill humor; peevish-
ness.
sâ' line, salty.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LOVELIEST ROSE IN THE WORLD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Once there reigned a Queen, in whose garden were found the most glorious flowers at all seasons, and from all the lands in the world; but especially she loved roses, and therefore she possessed the most various kinds of this flower, from the wild dog-rose, with the apple-scented green leaves, to the most splendid Provence rose.

They grew against the earth walls, wound themselves round pillars and window-frames, into the passages, and all along the ceiling in all the halls. The roses were various in fragrance, form, and color.

But care and sorrow dwelt in these halls: the Queen lay upon a sick-bed, and the doctors declared that she must die.

"There is still one thing that can serve her," said the wisest of them. "Bring her the loveliest rose in the world, the one which is the expression of the brightest and purest love; for if that is brought before her eyes ere they close, she will not die."

And the young and old came from every side with roses, the loveliest that bloomed in each garden; but they were not the right sort. The flower was to be brought out of the garden of Love; but what rose was it there that expressed the highest and purest love?

"No one has till now named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has yet pointed out the place where it bloomed in its splendor. They are not the roses that sprouted from Winkelried's blood-

stained lances, from the blood that flows in a sacred cause from the breast of the hero who dies for his country; though no death is sweeter than this, and no rose redder than the blood that flows then. Nor is it that wondrous flower, to cherish which man devotes many a sleepless night, and much of his fresh life—the magic flower of science.”

“I know where it blooms,” said a happy mother, who came with her pretty child to the bedside of the Queen. “I know where the loveliest rose of the world is found! The rose that is the expression of the highest and purest love springs from the blooming cheeks of my sweet child when, strengthened by sleep, it opens its eyes and smiles at me with all its affection.”

“Lovely is this rose; but there is still a lovelier,” said the wise man.

“Yes, a far lovelier one,” said one of the women. “I have seen it, and a loftier, purer rose does not bloom. I saw it on the cheeks of the Queen. She had taken off her golden crown, and in the long, dreary night she was carrying her sick child in her arms; she wept, kissed it, and prayed for her child as a mother prays in the hour of her anguish.”

“Holy and wonderful in its might is the white rose of Grief; but it is not the one we seek.”

“No, the loveliest rose of the world I saw at the altar of the Lord,” said the good old Bishop. “I saw it shine as if an angel’s face had appeared. A young girl stood there; she looked with all the purity and love of her young spirit up to heaven: that was the expression of the highest and the purest love.”

"May she be blessed!" said the wise man; "but not one of you has yet named to me the loveliest rose of the world."

Then there came into the room a child, the Queen's little son. Tears stood in his eyes and glistened on his cheeks; he carried a great open book, and the binding of it was velvet, with great silver clasps.

"Mother!" cried the little boy, "only hear what I have read."

The child sat by the bedside, and read from the book of Him who suffered death on the cross to save men, and even those who were not yet born.

"Greater love there is not—"

And a roseate hue spread over the cheeks of the Queen, and her eyes gleamed, for she saw that, from the leaves of the book there bloomed the loveliest rose, that sprang from the blood of Christ shed on the Cross.

"I see it!" she said: "he who beholds this, the loveliest rose on earth, shall never die."

chěr' ish, to foster; to nourish.

roseate (*rŭ' zě ât*), tinged with rose color.

THE WHITE ANT.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

(From "*Tropical Africa*.")

When we watch the farmer at work, and think how he has to plow, harrow, manure, and humor the soil before even one good crop can be coaxed out of it, we are apt to wonder how nature manages to secure her crops and yet dispense with all these accessories. The world is one vast

garden, bringing forth crops of the most luxuriant and varied kind century after century, and millennium after millennium. Yet the face of nature is nowhere furrowed by the plow, no harrow disintegrates the clods, no lime and phosphates are strewn upon its fields, no visible tillage of the soil improves the work on the great world's farm.

Now, in reality, there can not be crops, or successions of crops, without the most thorough agriculture: and when we look more closely into nature we discover a system of husbandry of the most surprising kind. Nature does all things unobtrusively; and it is only now that we are beginning to see the magnitude of these secret agricultural operations by which she does already all that man would wish to imitate, and to which his most scientific methods are but clumsy approximations.

Man turns up the crust with the plow, throwing up the exhausted earth, down the refreshed soil, with infinite toil and patience. And nature does it by natural plowmen who, with equal industry, are busy all over the world reversing the earth's crust, turning it over and over from year to year, only much more slowly and much more thoroughly, spadeful by spadeful, foot by foot, and even grain by grain. Before Adam delved the Garden of Eden these natural agriculturists were at work, millions and millions of them in every part of the globe at different seasons and in different ways, tilling the world's fields.

According to Mr. Darwin, the animal which performs this most important function in nature is the earthworm. On every acre of land in England

more than ten tons of dry earth are passed through the bodies of worms and brought to the surface every year; and the whole soil of the country must pass through their bodies every few years.

The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was, in fact, regularly plowed by earthworms. There are several other animals to whom this difficult and laborious duty might be intrusted. There is the mole, for instance, with its wonderful spade-like feet, that natural navvy, who shovels the soil about so vigorously at home; but against the burnt crust of the tropics even this most determined of burrowers would surely turn the edge of his nails.

The same remark applies to those curious little geologists, the marmots and skipmunks, which one sees throwing up their tiny heaps of sand and gravel on the American prairies. And though the torrid zone boasts of a strong-limbed and almost steel-shod creature, the ant-bear, his ravages are limited to the destruction of the nests of ants; and however much this somewhat scarce animal contributes to the result, we must look in another direction for the true tropical analogue of the worm.

The animal we are in search of, and which I venture to think equal to all the necessities of the case, is the termite or white ant. It is a small insect, with a bloated, yellowish-white body, and a somewhat large thorax, oblong-shaped, and colored a disagreeable oily brown.

The termite lives almost exclusively upon wood; and the moment a tree is cut or a log sawn for any

economical purpose, this insect is upon its track. One may never see the insect, possibly, in the flesh, for it lives underground; but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house, perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants.

But one day suddenly the door-post totters, and lintel and rafters come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers, and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you could push your little finger. Furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers, everything made of wood, is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through, and turned into matchwood.

The most important point in the work of the white ant remains to be noted. I have already said that the white ant is never seen. Why he should have such a repugnance to being looked at is at first sight a mystery, seeing that he himself is stone blind. But his coyness is really due to the desire for self-protection, for the moment his juicy body shows itself above ground there are a dozen enemies waiting to devour it. And yet the white ant can never procure any food until it comes above ground. Nor will it meet the case for the insect to come to the surface under the shadow of night. Night in the tropics, so far as animal life concerned, is as the day.

It is clear then that darkness is no protection to the white ant; and yet without coming out of the ground it cannot live. How does it solve the difficulty? It takes the ground out along with it. I have seen white ants working on the top of a high tree, and yet they were underground. They took up some of the ground with them to the tree-top.

Millions of trees in some districts are thus fantastically plastered over with tubes, galleries, and chambers of earth, and many pounds weight of subsoil must be brought up for the mining of even a single tree. The building material is conveyed by the insects up a central pipe with which all the galleries communicate, and which at the downward end connects with a series of subterranean passages leading deep into the earth.

The method of building the tunnels and covered ways is as follows:—At the foot of a tree the tiniest hole cautiously opens in the ground close to the bark. A small head appears with a grain of earth clasped in its jaws. Against the tree-trunk this earth-grain is deposited, and the head is withdrawn. Presently it reappears with another grain of earth, this is laid beside the first, rammed tight against it, and again the builder descends underground for more. The third grain is not placed against the tree, but against the former grain; a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth follow, and the plan of the foundation begins to suggest itself. The grains are arranged in a semi-circular wall, the termite, now assisted by three or four others, standing in the middle between the sheltering wall and the tree, and working briskly with head and mandible to strengthen the position.

The way in which the building is done is extremely curious. Each stone as it is brought to the top is covered with mortar. Without this the whole tunnel would crumble into dust before reaching the height of half an inch; but the termite pours over the stone a moist, sticky secretion, turning the grain round and round with its mandibles until the whole is covered with slime. Then it places the stone with great care upon the top of the wall, works it about vigorously for a moment or two till it is well jammed into its place, and then starts off instantly for another load.

Peering over the growing wall, one soon discovers one, two, or more termites of a somewhat larger build, considerably longer, and with a very different arrangement of the parts of the head, and especially of the mandibles. These important looking individuals saunter about the rampart in the most leisurely way, but yet with a certain air of business, as if perhaps the one was the master of works and the other the architect.

But closer observation suggests that they are in no wise superintending operations, nor in any immediate way contributing to the structure, for they take not the slightest notice either of the workers or the works. They are posted there, in fact, as sentries, and there they stand, or promenade about, at the mouth of every tunnel, like sister Ann, to see if anybody is coming. Sometimes somebody does come in the shape of another ant—some valiant and belted knight charges down the tree-trunk thirsting for termite blood.

The worker white ant is a poor, defenseless crea-

ture, and, blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to these well-drilled banditti, who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legions.

But at the critical moment, like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaws it clears the ground, and while the attacking party is carrying off its dead, the builders, unconscious of the fray, quietly continue their work. To every hundred workers in a white ant colony, which numbers many thousands of individuals, there are perhaps two fighting men.

But where is this tunnel going to, and what object have the insects in view in ascending this lofty tree? Thirty feet from the ground, across innumerable forks, at the end of a long branch, are a few feet of dead wood. How the ants know it is there, how they know its sap has dried up, and that it is now fit for the termites' food, is a mystery.

The quantity of earth and mud plastered over a single tree is often enormous; and when one thinks that it is not only an isolated specimen here and there that is frescoed in this way, but often the whole of the trees of a forest, some idea will be formed of the magnitude of the operations of these insects and the extent of their influence upon the soil which they are thus ceaselessly transporting from underneath the ground.

accessories (āk sēs' sō rīz), helpers;
allies.

ăn' á lōgue, a thing resembling another
thing.

approximation (ăp prōks' ī mǎ' shūn),
approach.

băn dīt' tī, highwaymen.

dǎived, dug.

dīs in' tē grāte, to break into pieces.

mǎn' dī b'le, mouth organs.

mīl lēn' nī ūm, a thousand years.

nǎw' vỹ, a laborer on public works.

phosphate (fōs' fāt), a salt of phosphoric acid.

rē pŭg' nance (nāns), dislike.

sŭb' tēr rǎ' nē ǎn, under ground.

ŭn ǒb trŭ' sīve lý, in an unobtrusive
manner; modestly.

EDUCATION.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(From "The Spectator")

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

* * * * *

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection.

For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be.

I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavors; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to

those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them.

dis' in tērrēd', unburied; brought out.
in hēr' ent, natural.
lē' tent, hidden.
lāud' ā b'le, praiseworthy; commendable.

Phidias (fid' i əs), famous Greek sculptor.
plē bē' ian (yən), common, low person.
Praxiteles (prāks it' ə lēz), a famous Greek sculptor.

LONGING FOR HOME.

JEAN INGELOW.

A song of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow:
 Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
 And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
 And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
 And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
 Went courtesying over the billow,
 I marked her course till a dancing mote
 She faded out on the moonlit foam,
 And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
 And my thoughts all day were about the boat
 And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
 For it is but short:—
 My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
 In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
 On the open desolate sea,
 And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
 For he came not back to me—
 Ah me!

A song of a nest:—
 There was once a nest in a hollow:
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
 Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
 Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
 With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
 For it is not long:—
 You shall never light, in a summer quest
 The bushes among—
 Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
 A fairer nestful, nor ever know
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,
 That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
 Ah happy, happy I!
 Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
 They spread out their wings to fly—
 O, one after one they flew away
 Far up to the heavenly blue,
 To the better country, the upper day,
 And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

rè mōtə', far away.

věsch, a plant.

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

(From "*Birds of America*.")

Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen;—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover and of whose sublime

conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation?—There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose.

Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forest, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets

with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upward, downward, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than bumble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child.

conceivable (kōn sēv' á b'l), capable of being imagined or understood.

conceptions (kōn sēp' shūnz), ideas; purposes; designs.

é thē' rē ál, exceedingly light or airy.

glū' tī nous, gluey; sticky; adhesive.

in tū' I tīve, self-evident; untaught.

poised (poizd), balanced.

rē splēn' dent, very bright or shining.

vēr' nāl, pertaining to spring.

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(From "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation.")

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, until his speech be ended.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

är' rô gän ey (sý), giving one's self an undue degree of importance.
com mënd' á b'le (kõm), praiseworthy.

dís pãr' agement (áj ment), dishonor; reproach.
sã' vors (vêrz), indicates; smacks.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

—HORACE MANN.

A RIVER IN THE OCEAN.

M. F. MAURY.

(From "The Gulf Stream," in "The Physical Geography of the Sea.")

There is a river in the ocean: in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream.

Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea.

The waters of the Gulf Stream are salter than the littoral waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts. The salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of sea-water in salt by its color—the greener the hue, the fresher the water.

No feature of the Gulf Stream excites remark among seamen more frequently than the sharpness of its edges, particularly along its inner borders. There, it is a streak on the water. As high up as the Carolinas this streak may be seen, like a greenish edging to a blue border—the bright indigo of

the tropical contrasting finely with the dirty green of the littoral waters.

As to the temperature of the Gulf Stream, there is, in a winter's day, off Hatteras, and even as high up as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, in mid-ocean, a difference between its waters and those of the ocean near by of twenty degrees, and even thirty degrees. Water, we know, expands by heat, and here the difference of temperature may more than compensate for the difference in saltness, and leave, therefore, the waters of the Gulf Stream, though saltier, yet lighter by reason of their warmth. If they be lighter, they should therefore occupy a higher level than those through which they flow.

The Gulf Stream is roof-shaped, causing the waters on its surface to flow off to either side from the middle. Navigators, while drifting along with the Gulf Stream, have lowered a boat to try the surface current. The boat would drift either to the east or to the west, as it happened to be on one side or the other of the axis of the stream, while the vessel herself would drift along with the stream in the direction of its course; thus showing the existence of a shallow roof-current from the middle toward either edge, which would carry the boat along, but which, being superficial, does not extend deep enough to affect the drift of the vessel.

That such is the case is also indicated by the circumstance that the seaweed and driftwood which are found in such large quantities along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, are rarely found along its inner edge—and for the simple reason that to cross the Gulf Stream, they would have to

drift up an inclined plane, as it were; that is, they would have to stem this roof-current until they reached the middle of the stream.

We rarely hear of any floating substance which is passed into the sea on the other side of the Gulf Stream being found along the coast of the United States. Driftwood, from the West India Islands, is often cast up on the shores of Europe, but rarely on the Atlantic shores of this country.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and the deep-sea thermometer shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful.

One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe.

Cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and, if the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water, much of its heat would be lost in the first part of

the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be, as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme.

Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of heat to temper there the northern winds of winter.

It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

à mèl' ioration (yô rā' shūn), improvement; the making better.

àrrange' ment (rānj'), adjustment; condition.

bē nign', salutary; beneficial.

com' pēn sās (kōm'), to be equivalent in value; to make up for; counter-balance.

drought (drou), want of rain or water.

dīs pēnsē', to distribute.

līt' tō rēl, of or pertaining to a shore.

sūg gēst' ive, containing a suggestion or hint.

sū pēr fīcial (fish' al), not deep; shallow.

tēm' pēr, to modify, as by adding some new element.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let, once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(From "Poor Richard's Almanac.")

[The following paragraphs are taken from an article that was written by Benjamin Franklin nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, yet its wisdom is good for to-day, and will be good for all time. So well was this article appreciated when it was new, that it was copied into nearly all the newspapers of America, and was printed in placard form and hung up in thousands of homes in Great Britain. It was also translated into French and was distributed by the clergy of France among their parishioners.]

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods.

The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says."

They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.'

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

as Poor Richard says. So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in but dare not enter. Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.'

Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

"Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.'

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a man afford himself no leisure?’ I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: ‘Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure.’

“But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, ‘Three removes are as bad as a fire’; and again, ‘Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee’; and again: ‘If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.’ And again:

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

“Trusting too much to others’ care is the ruin of many; but a man’s own care is profitable; for, ‘If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.’

“So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. ‘If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies

have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.'

"'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them!

"By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised.

"Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: they think, 'It is day, and will never be night'; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.'

"But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor

Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises and says,

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

“And again, ‘Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.’ When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, ‘It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.’ And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

“It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, ‘Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.’

“And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

“But what madness must it be to ‘run in debt for these superfluities’? Poor Richard says; ‘Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.’ At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but —

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

“Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and

'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

Get what you can, and what you get hold;

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

"And, when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counseled cannot be helped'; and further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

à bâte' ment, removal, or putting an end to.

âpe, imitate.

âp pâr' ent, visible; plain.

genteel (jên tēl'), polished, well-bred people.

leisure (lē' zhūr), unemployed time.

Philosopher's stōne (fī lōs' ō fērz), an imaginary stone believed to have the power of converting the baser metals into gold.

sū pēr flū' I tŷ, something beyond what is needed.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From "The Sketch-Book.")

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees.

In that same village, in one of these very houses (which was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands.

In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to keeping his farm

in order, he found it impossible; it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody.

If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene;

evening was gradually advancing; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village. As he was about to descend he perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

On nearer approach, he was surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, toward which their rugged path conducted. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, surrounded by precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared

at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage. One taste provoked another; and, at length, his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip,—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the village. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange.

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges.

He now hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place. Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall pole, and from

it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. A lean, bilious-looking fellow was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—liberty—and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another busy little fellow inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a self-important old gentleman made his way through the crowd, and planting himself before Van Winkle, demanded, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man restored order; and demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain ; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded.

The bystanders began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since."

Rip had but one question more to ask ; and he put it with a faltering voice :

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died, but a short time since."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father !" cried he. "Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; and the self-important man, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was well versed in all the traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back,

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

ăd hēr' ănt, a follower.

amphitheater (ăm' fī thēr' ă tēr), a level surrounded by rising slopes.

ăp' prē hēn' sion (shūn), fear.

ăs' ăi dū' ī tỹ, diligence.

ă vēr' sion (shūn), dislike; disinclination.

cor rōb' ō rā' tēd (kōr), confirmed; made more certain.

coun' tēr pärt' (koun'), copy; duplicate.

fā tighed' (tāgd'), wearied.

flāg' on (tūn), a vessel for holding liquor.

hā rāngw' ing, speaking in a noisy manner.

īm pēnd' ing, overhanging.

īm com' prē hēn' ăi b'le (kōm'), not capable of being understood.

īm sū' pēr ă b'le, unconquerable.

īm vā' rī ă blỹ, always; uniformly.

jār' gōn, confused, strange language.

mēt' ă mōr' phosed (fōst), changed in form.

prē cīp' ī tē' tion (shūn), rashness; hurry.

rēf' ū gee' (jēr'), one who flees to a place of safety.

wāl' lēt, a bag or knapsack.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

LUCY LARCOM.

Apple-blossoms, budding, blowing,
In the soft May air:
Cups with sunshine overflowing—
Flakes of fragrance, drifting, snowing,
Showering everywhere!

Fairy promises, outgushing
From the happy trees!
White souls into love-light blushing—
Heavenly thoughts to utterance rushing—
Are ye not like these?

* * * * *

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(From the Bible.)

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on the mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and his shieldbearer went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together. And when Saul and all Israel heard

those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of Jesse: and he had eight sons, and the three eldest sons of Jesse had gone after Saul to the battle, and David was the youngest. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren; and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the vale of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with the keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the place of the wagons, as the host which was going forth to the fight shouted for the battle. And Israel and the Philistines put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran to the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the ranks of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that

is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel.

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why art thou come down? and with whom has thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause? And he turned away from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner. And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep; and when there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. And David said, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.

And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord shall be with thee. And Saul clad David with his apparel, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his apparel, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it.

And David said unto Saul, I can not go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, even in his scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and withal of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?

And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied.

This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from off thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel; and that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hand.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Then David ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.

And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their camp. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

cu' bīt (kū'), Hebrew cubit, about 22 inches.

ephah (ē' fā), a Hebrew dry measure containing $2\frac{1}{4}$ pecks.

Israel (Iz' rā ēl), the descendants of Israel or Jacob.

jāve' līn, a spear nearly six feet long.

Philistines (fī līs' tīnz), inhabitants of ancient Philistia, a coast region of southern Palestine.

shēk' el ('l), an ancient weight, less than an ounce.

slāng, imperfect of *sling* (obsolete).

spān, nine inches.

MIMICRY IN NATURE.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

(From "*Tropical Africa*.")

Mimicry is imposture in nature. Mimicry depends on resemblances between an animal and some other object in its environment of which it is a practical gain to the creature to be a more or less accurate copy. The resemblance may be to any object, animate or inanimate. It may be restricted to color, or it may extend to form, and even to habit; but of these the first is by far the most important.

Color in animals mainly serves two functions. It is either "protective" or "warning." The object of the first is to render the animal inconspicuous; the object of the second is the opposite—to make it conspicuous.

There are two great families of butterflies, which are inedible owing to the presence in their bodies

of acrid and unwholesome juices. Now to swallow one of these creatures—and birds, monkeys, lizards, and spiders are very fond of butterflies—would be gratuitous.

It would be disappointing to the eater, who would have to disgorge his prey immediately, and it would be an unnecessary sacrifice of the subject of the experiment. These butterflies, therefore, must have their disagreeableness in some way advertised, and so they dress up with exceptional eccentricity, distinguishing themselves by loud patterns and brilliant colorings, so that the bird, the monkey, and the rest can take in the situation at a glance.

These animated danger-signals float serenely about the forests with the utmost coolness in the broadest daylight, leisureliness, defiance, and self-complacency marking their every movement, while their duskier brethren have to hurry through the glades in terror of their lives.

For the same reason, well-armed or stinging insects are always conspicuously ornamented with warning colors. The expense of eating a wasp, for instance, is too great to lead to a second investment in the same insect, and wasps therefore have been rendered as showy as possible so that they may be at once seen and as carefully avoided.

The same law applies to bees, dragon-flies, and other gaudy forms; and it may be taken as a rule that all gayly colored insects belong to one or other of these two classes: that is, that they are either bad eating or bad-stingers.

The brilliant coloring of poisonous snakes is sometimes set down by naturalists to “warning,” but the

details of coloring among reptiles have never been thoroughly worked out. If the vivid yellows and oranges of some snakes are meant to warn off dangerous animals, the same conspicuousness would warn off the animals on which the venomous forms prey.

Thus, while *being* hunted, a showy skin might be of advantage to the snake; in hunting it would be an equal disadvantage. But when one watches on the spot the manner in which snakes really do their hunting, it becomes probable that the coloring, vivid and peculiar as it is, in most cases is designed simply to aid concealment.

One of the most beautiful and ornate of all the tropical reptiles is the puff-adder, the bite of which is certain death. The whole body is ornamented with strange devices in green, yellow, and black, and lying in a museum its glittering coils form a most striking object.

But in nature the puff-adder has a very different background. It is essentially a forest animal, its true habitat being among the fallen leaves in the deep shade of the trees by the banks of streams. Now in such a position, at the distance of a foot or two, its appearance so exactly resembles the forest bed as to be almost indistinguishable from it.

I was once just throwing myself down under a tree to rest when, stooping to clear the spot, I noticed a peculiar pattern among the leaves. I started back in horror to find a puff-adder of the largest size, its thick back only visible and its fangs within a few inches of my face as I stooped.

It was lying concealed among fallen leaves so like itself that, but for the exceptional caution

which in African travel becomes a habit, I should certainly have sat down upon it, and to sit down upon a puff-adder is to sit down for the last time. I think this coloration in the puff-adder is more than that of warning, and that this semi-somnolent attitude is not always the mere attitude of repose.

But that the main function of coloring is protection may be decided from the simplest observation of animal life in any part of the world. Even among the larger animals which one might suppose independent of subterfuge and whose appearance anywhere but in their native haunts suggests a very opposite theory, the harmony of color with environment is always more or less striking.

When we look, for instance, at the coat of a zebra with its thunder-and-lightning pattern of black and white stripes, we should think such a conspicuous object designed to court rather than to elude attention. But the effect in nature is just the opposite. The black and white somehow take away the sense of a solid body altogether; the two colors seem to blend into the most inconspicuous gray, and at close quarters the effect is as of bars of light seen through the branches of shrubs.

I have found myself in the forest gazing at what I supposed to be a solitary zebra, its presence betrayed by some motion due to my approach, and suddenly realized that I was surrounded by an entire herd which were all invisible until they moved.

Besides the insects which imitate grass, another large class imitate twigs, sticks, and the smaller branches of shrubs. The commonest of these is a

walking twig, three or four inches long, covered with bark apparently, and spotted all over with mold like the genuine branch. The imitation of bark here is one of the most perfect delusions in nature.

On finding one of these insects I have often cut a small branch from an adjoining tree and laid the two side by side for comparison; and when both are partly concealed by the hands so as to show only the part of the insect's body which is free from limbs, it is impossible to tell the one from the other.

A still more elaborate set of forms are those which represent leaves. These belong mostly to the Mantis and Locust tribes, and they are found in all forms, sizes, and colors, mimicking foliage at every stage of growth, maturity, and decay. Some have the leaf stamped on their broadened wing-cases in vivid green, with veins and midrib complete, and with curious expansions over the thorax and along all the limbs to imitate smaller leaves.

It will be apparent from these brief notes that mimicry is not merely an occasional or exceptional phenomenon, but an integral part of the economy of nature. It is not a chance relation between a few objects, but a system so widely authorized that probably the whole animal kingdom is more or less involved in it.

ăn' i mâte, living.

conspicuously (kôn spîk' ũ ũs lỹ),
prominently.

dîs gorge' (gôrj'), throw up; discharge.

eccentricity (êk' sên trîs' i tỹ), oddity.

ên vî' ron ment (rûn), surroundings.

function (fûnk' shûn), performance.

grá tũ' i toũs, granted without pay.

Im pōs' tũre, fraud; cheat.

in ăn' i mâte, lifeless.

in êd' i b'le, not fit to be eaten.

ôr nâte', beautiful.

sêm' i-sôm' nô lent, half sleepy.

sũb' tēr fuge (fũj), something resorted
to for concealment.

vẽn' omous (ũm ũs), poisonous.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Goodspeed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head ’twixt my knees on the
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Aix (äks), city in France.
Ghent (gënt), city in Flanders.

pique (pëk), the peak of a saddle.
pös’ tērn, back door or gate.

POMPEII'S LAST HOURS.

LORD LYTTON.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

[On the afternoon of August 24th, in the year 79 of the Christian era, an appalling eruption of the volcano of Vesuvius completely buried the city of Pompeii under a deposit of ashes and cinders averaging fifteen feet in depth. Herculaneum, a city situated on the western declivity of the mountain, was at the same time destroyed by torrents of lava and showers of ashes. For seventeen centuries nothing was known of ancient Pompeii, even its site having been lost. The accidental discovery of a few statues, in 1748, led to excavations which exhumed the walls and streets of the buried city, which is now revealed. The material overlying the ruins, being light and easily broken, fortunately preserved from decay the innumerable objects of interest buried beneath it, so that the edifices uncovered show us the domestic and business life of the Romans of that period. Evidences of the luxurious habits of the wealthy inhabitants are everywhere visible—in exquisite wall-paintings and costly furnishings.]

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the



SCENE IN POMPEII.

rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimics of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom.

To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticos of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.

The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion.

Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but, *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon.* And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated.

Another—and another—and another shower of ashes far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets.

Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror,

nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender.

* * * * *

And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the “Scorched Fields.” The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms and know them not—moaning round the sepulchers of the Lost!

engender (én jén' dër), produce; cause.

Hër cu lă' ne ũm (kŭ), city near Naples, Italy, buried by Vesuvius.

hăr' t'ling, dashing against with violence.

im' pō tence (tens), weakness.

lă' vâ, melted rock issuing from a volcano during an eruption.

mōl' ten (t'n), melted.

Phlegethon (flēj' ē thŏn), a river of Hades, in which fire flowed instead of water.

Pompeii (pŏm pā' yē), city near Naples, buried A. D. 79.

prī' mæl, original; first.

tăr' bū lent, disturbed; agitated.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HIGHEST ARISTOCRACY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

(From "Sesame and Lilies.")

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them.

All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly.

And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts.

And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our book-

case shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar.

But it is not so. Suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen?

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that can not be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters much better in their writings than in their careless talk. Yet I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very

pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

A book is essentially not a talking thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice.

But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to

him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing;” it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you

strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

ăp'ă thŷ, indifference.

cov'ēt (kŭv'), to long for; to wish for with eagerness.

ē phēm' ēr al (fēm'), short-lived.

ig nō'b'le, not noble; worthless.

in hēr'ent, implanted by nature.

mē lō'dī ōūs lŷ, musically.

mō'mēn tā rī lŷ, from moment to moment.

pēr pēt'ā āte, to cause to endure.

restricted (rē strikt'ēd), confined; limited.

sīn cer'ī tŷ (sēr'), honesty.

OLD EPHRAIM.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From "*Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.*")

For some days after our arrival on the Bighorn range we did not come across any grizzly. There were plenty of black-tail deer in the woods, and we came across a number of bands of cow and calf elk, or of young bulls; but after several days' hunting, we had seen no sign of grizzly, which was the game we were especially anxious to kill.

Sometimes we hunted in company; sometimes each of us went out alone. One day we had separated; I reached camp early in the afternoon, and waited a couple of hours before Merrifield put in an appearance.

At last I heard a shout, and he came in sight galloping at speed down an open glade, and waving his hat, evidently having had good luck; and when he reined in his small, wiry, cow-pony, we saw that he had packed behind his saddle the fine, glossy



GRIZZLY BEAR.

pelt of a black bear. He announced that he had been off about ten miles to a perfect tangle of ravines and valleys where bear sign was very thick; and not of black bear either but of grizzly. The black bear (the only one we got on the mountains) he had run across by accident.

Merrifield's tale made me decide to shift camp at once, and go over to the spot where the bear-tracks were so plenty. Next morning we were off, and by noon pitched camp by a clear brook, in a valley with steep, wooded sides.

That afternoon we again went out, and I shot a fine bull elk. I came home alone toward nightfall, walking through a reach of burnt forest, where there was nothing but charred tree-trunks and black mould. When nearly through it I came across the huge, half-human footprints of a great grizzly, which must have passed by within a few minutes. It gave me rather an eerie feeling in the silent, lonely woods, to see for the first time the unmistakable proofs that I was in the home of the mighty lord of the wilderness.

That evening we almost had a visit from one of the animals we were after. Several times we had heard at night the musical calling of the bull elk—a sound to which no writer has as yet done justice. This particular night, when we were in bed and the fire was smouldering, we were roused by a ruder noise—a kind of grunting or roaring whine, answered by the frightened snorts of the ponies.

It was a bear which had evidently not seen the fire, as it came from behind the bank, and had probably been attracted by the smell of the horses.

After it made out what we were it stayed round a short while, again uttered its peculiar roaring grunt, and went off; we had seized our rifles and had run out into the woods, but in the darkness could see nothing; indeed it was rather lucky we did not stumble across the bear, as he could have made short work of us when we were at such a disadvantage.

Next day we went off on a long tramp through the woods and along the sides of the canyons. There were plenty of berry bushes growing in clusters; and all around these there were fresh tracks of bear. But the grizzly is also a flesh-eater, and has a great liking for carrion.

On visiting the place where Merrifield had killed the black bear, we found that the grizzlies had been there before us, and had utterly devoured the carcass, with cannibal relish. Hardly a scrap was left, and we turned our steps toward where lay the bull elk I had killed. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the place.

A grizzly had evidently been at the carcass during the preceding night, for his great footprints were in the ground all around it, and the carcass itself was gnawed and torn, and partially covered with earth and leaves—for the grizzly has a curious habit of burying all of his prey that he does not at the moment need.

The forest was composed mainly of what are called ridge-pole pines, which grow close together, and do not branch out until the stems are thirty or forty feet from the ground. Beneath these trees we walked over a carpet of pine needles, upon which our moccasined feet made no sound. The woods seemed vast

and lonely, and their silence was broken now and then by the strange noises always to be heard in the great forests.

We climbed up along the trunk of a dead tree which had toppled over until its upper branches struck in the limb crotch of another, that thus supported it at an angle half-way in its fall. When above the ground far enough to prevent the bear's smelling us, we sat still to wait for his approach; until, in the gathering gloom, we could no longer see the sights of our rifles.

It was useless to wait longer; and we clambered down and stole out to the edge of the woods. The forest here covered one side of a steep, almost canyon-like ravine, whose other side was bare except of rock and sage-brush. Once out from under the trees there was still plenty of light, although the sun had set, and we crossed over some fifty yards to the opposite hill-side, and crouched down under a bush to see if perchance some animal might not also leave the cover.

Again we waited quietly in the growing dusk until the pine trees in our front blended into one dark, frowning mass. At last, as we were rising to leave, we heard the sound of the breaking of a dead stick, from the spot where we knew the carcass lay. "Old Ephraim" had come back to the carcass. A minute afterward, listening with strained ears, we heard him brush by some dry twigs. It was entirely too dark to go in after him; but we made up our minds that on the morrow he should be ours.

Early next morning we were over at the elk carcass, and, as we expected, found that the bear had

eaten his fill at it during the night. His tracks showed him to be an immense fellow, and were so fresh that we doubted if he had left long before we arrived; and we made up our minds to follow him up and try to find his lair. The bears that lived on these mountains had evidently been little disturbed; indeed, the Indians and most of the white hunters are rather chary of meddling with "Old Ephraim," as the mountain men style the grizzly. The bears thus seemed to have very little fear of harm, and we thought it likely that the bed of the one who had fed on the elk would not be far away.

My companion was a skillful tracker, and we took up the trail at once. For some distance it led over the soft, yielding carpet of moss and pine needles, and the footprints were quite easily made out, although we could follow them but slowly; for we had, of course, to keep a sharp look-out ahead and around us as we walked noiselessly on in the somber half-light always prevailing under the great pine trees.

After going a few hundred yards the tracks turned off on a well-beaten path made by the elk; the woods were in many places cut up by these game trails, which had often become as distinct as ordinary footpaths. The beast's footprints were perfectly plain in the dust, and he had lumbered along up the path until near the middle of the hill-side, where the ground broke away and there were hollows and boulders.

Here there had been a windfall, and the dead trees lay among the living, piled across one another

in all directions; while between and around them sprouted up a thick growth of young spruces and other evergreens. The trail turned off into the tangled thicket, within which it was almost certain we would find our quarry. We could still follow the tracks, by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we advanced with noiseless caution.

When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was by it he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sideways to us.

Then he saw us and dropped down again on all-fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned toward us. As he sank down on his fore feet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white bead fairly between his small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled trigger. Half-rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule.

The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was

over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all or come a step toward us. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters.

carion (kār' rī ūn), dead flesh of an
animal, unfit for food.
chār' y, careful; wary.

eerie (ē' rī), wild; affected with fear.
thrōe, agony; anguish.

ARMAGEDDON.

(A WAR SONG OF THE FUTURE.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Marching down to Armageddon—
Brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph!—
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorers—
Love the lovers—hate
None within the world's four corners—
All must share one fate;
We are they whose common banner
Bears no badge nor sign,
Save the Light which dyes it white—
The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the Kings
Their cruel price for Peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword
Is what Christ did teach,—
“Each man for his Brother first—
And Heaven, then, for each.”

We are they who will not falter—
Many swords or few—
Till we make this Earth the altar
Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner Law than “Brotherhood”—
A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon—
Brothers, stout and strong!
Ask not why the way we tread on
Is so rough and long!
God will tell us when our spirits
Grow to grasp His plan!
Let us do our part to-day—
And help Him, helping Man!

* * * * *

Therefore, down to Armageddon—
Brothers, bold and strong;
Cheer the glorious way we tread on
With this soldier's song!

Let the armies of the old Flags
March in silent dread!
Death and Life are one to us,
Who fight for Quick and Dead!

dirge (dêrj), a funeral song.

psalm (pâ' æm), a song of triumph.
rout, tumult.

THE RETREAT FROM MEXICO.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

There was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlaxcala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open, and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as, indeed, it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest.

As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon luster through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage-trains. At length, a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was

emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach, which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels, who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm, and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital.

The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength, and, riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry, his infantry, and Tlascalcan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition-wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars.

Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious, till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside, with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians, until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it, ammunition-wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses, till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side.

Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable, where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar, and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forward with a few trusty cavaliers, who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite

page, Juan de Salazar, struck down, a corpse, by his side.

Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake.

Cortés, with his gallant comrades, Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theater of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching

along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would, in their crippled condition, have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village, or suburbs, it might be called, of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and, sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery, all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war, forever lost.

Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the Conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears, which trickled down, revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

Aztecs (áz' tēks), early inhabitants of Mexico.

carnage (kār' nāj), great destruction of life.

ēb' on (ūn), dark; like ebony.

ē vac' ū ā' tīng (vāk'), withdrawing from.

expediency (ēks pē' dī en sý), desirableness.

In' gōt, a mass of cast metal.

mêlée (mā' lē'), hand to hand conflict.

teocallis (tē' ō kāl' līz), temples.

Tlaxcala (tlān' kā' lā), capital of a Mexican State of the same name.

NATHAN HALE.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

[After the American army's retreat from Long Island in 1776, Washington asked for some discreet officer to enter the enemy's camp, in order to ascertain its strength. Hale, though only twenty-one years old, volunteered for this difficult and dangerous service. He passed the British lines and made (in Latin) full notes of the information desired. On his return he was captured, and, by order of Sir William Howe, the British commander-in-chief, was hanged. The young patriot's last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."]

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
 A soldier marches by:
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
 Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.
 By starlight and moonlight,
 He seeks the Briton's camp;

He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found:
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

• In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod;
 And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn Word of God!
 In the long night, the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty:
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

* * * * *

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
 The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
 And on Fame-leaf and Angle-leaf
 The name of HALE shall burn!

falcon-eyed (fə'k'n-ld'), sharp-eyed like the falcon.

FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

JOSEPH STORY.

(*From a Discourse on "Developments of Science and Mechanic Art."*)

The history of the steam engine is full of instruction. The Marquis of Worcester, early in the reign of Charles II (1655), first directed the attention of the public to the expansive power of steam, when used in a close vessel; and of its capacity to be employed as a moving power in machinery. The

suggestion slept almost without notice, until about the year 1698, when Captain Savary, a man of singular ingenuity, constructed an apparatus, for which he obtained a patent, to apply it to practical purposes. The invention of a safety-valve soon afterward followed; and that again was succeeded by the use of a close-fitted piston working in a cylinder.

Still, however, the engine was comparatively of little use, until Mr. Watt, a half century afterward, effected the grand improvement of condensing the steam in a separate vessel, communicating by a pipe with the cylinder; and Mr. Washbrough, in 1778, by the application of it to produce a rotary motion, opened the most extensive use of it for mechanical purposes.

It was in reference to the astonishing impulse thus given to mechanical pursuits, that Doctor Darwin, more than forty years* ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam engine.

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air;—
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs, as they move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.”

What would he have said if he had lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public

* 1829.

favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements.

When (said he) I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

“Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.”

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull, but endless, repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

At length the day arrived, when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the

partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it."

I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated, that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet for a half-hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed

through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor.

incredulity (in' krê dū' H tŷ), disbelief.

lăm ến tã' tion (shūn), walling.

māl' ăd júst' ment, a bad fitting together.

mār' quis (kwis), a title of dignity next in rank below duke.

môr' tí ffi cation (kă' shūn), humiliation.

ôb' vī ă' tēd, removed from the way.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,

As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him
both,

Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THE HEAVENS.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

(From "The Wonders of the Heavens.")

One of the delusions which it is important we should get rid of at once, is that which presents the Earth as the lower half of the universe, and the heavens as its upper half. There is nothing in the world more false than this. The heavens and the Earth are not two separate creations, as we have had repeated to us thousands and thousands of times. They are only one.

The Earth is in the heavens. The heavens are infinite space, indefinite expanse, a void without limits; no frontier circumscribes them, they have neither beginning nor end, neither top nor bottom, right nor left: there is an infinity of spaces which succeed each other in every direction.

The Earth is a little material globe, placed in this space without support of any kind, like a bullet which sustains itself alone in the air, like the little captive balloons which rise and float in the atmosphere when the thin cord which retains them is cut.

This conception of the universe is not only very important, but it is also a truth which it is absolutely necessary should be well fixed in the mind, otherwise three-quarters of the astronomical discoveries would remain incomprehensible.

The heavens surround us on every side. In this space the Earth is a globe suspended; but the Earth is not alone in space. All those stars which

sparkle in the heavens are isolated globes, suns shining by their own light; they are very distant from us; but there are stars nearer which resemble much more the one we inhabit, in the sense that they are not suns, but dark earths receiving, like ours, light from our Sun. These worlds called 'planets' are grouped in a family; ours is one member of this family.

A multitude of suns, surrounded like ours with a family of which they are the light-givers, float likewise in all parts of the expanse. Immense spaces separate all these systems from ours, spaces so great that the highest figures of our great numeration can scarcely number the smallest amongst them.

A distance that our figures can scarcely express also separates these stars from each other, extending from depths unto depths. Notwithstanding these prodigious intervals, these suns are in number so considerable that their numeration as yet exceeds all our means.

Let the mind try if it is possible to represent to itself at one time this considerable number of systems and the distances which separate them one from the other! Confused and soon humbled at the aspect of this infinite richness, it will only learn to admire in silence this indescribable wonder.

Continually rising on the other side of the heavens, going beyond the distant shores of this ocean without limits, it will endlessly discover fresh new space, and new worlds will reveal themselves to our eagerness; heavens will succeed to heavens, spheres to spheres; after deserts of expanse will

open other deserts, after immensities other immensities; and even when carried away without rest, during centuries, with the rapidity of thought, the soul would continue its flight beyond the most inaccessible limits that imagination could conceive, — there even the infinite of an unexplored expanse would remain still open before it; and the spirit will be arrested, overcome with fatigue, at the entrance of infinite creation.

“Ye stars! bright legions that, before all time,
Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
Your burning myriads but the eye of Him
Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel?
Yet who, earth-born, can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—eternity?
What wonder if the o’erwrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
See fate within your tracks of deepest glory lie?”

—CROLY.

The immensity of the heavens has been sung on many lyres; but how can the song of man express such a reality? One feels the insufficiency of speech to note the immense thoughts which this wonderful contemplation develops in us; reality is superior to fiction, even from the point of view of poetical sentiments.

Instead of an immense night stretching itself to the azure vaults, we are in the bosom of life and universal brightness. Night is but an accident, a happy accident, which enables our looks to extend themselves beyond the limits which the day marks for us; we are like a traveler reclining in the shadow of a hill, who contemplates the illuminated

landscape which is unfolded as far as the distant horizon.

Instead of the immobility of dead silence, we are present at the spectacle of life on worlds. With the light of truth the arbitrary vaults disappear and heaven opens its depths to us; the infinite of creation is revealed with the infinite of space, and our Earth, losing the preponderance which our pretensions had accorded to it, gives way under our feet and disappears in the shade, losing itself in the midst of a multitude of similar little words.

In the freedom of our flight we go beyond the solar regions and take our first sketch of the universe. It is thus that, disabusing ourselves of the first step of the ancient error too long established by appearances, we place ourselves in good condition for study, and prepare ourselves to receive easily the fresh truths which nature will reveal to us.

dīs' & busing (būz' Ing), undeceiving.

inaccessible (In āk sēs' I b'l), not to be reached.

ī' sō lā' tēd, separated from others.

prē pōn' dēr ance (ans), superiority of influence or power.

When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

THOMAS HUGHES.

*"St. Ambrose, Oxford,
"February, 184—.*

"MY DEAR GEORDIE,

"According to promise, I write to tell you how I get on up here, and what sort of a place Oxford is. Of course, I don't know much about it yet, having been only up some two weeks; but you shall have my first impressions.

"Well, first and foremost, it's an awfully idle place; at any rate for us freshmen. Fancy now. I am in twelve lectures a week of an hour each—Greek Testament, first book of Herodotus, second *Æneid*, and first book of Euclid! There's a treat! Two hours a day; all over by twelve, or one at latest; and no extra work at all, in the shape of copies of verses, themes, or other exercises.

"I think sometimes I'm back in the lower fifth; for we don't get through more than we used to do there; and if you were to hear the men construe, it would make your hair stand on end. Where on earth can they have come from? unless they blunder on purpose, as I often think. Of course, I never look at a lecture before I go in, I know it all nearly by heart, so it would be sheer waste of time. I hope I shall take to reading something or other by myself; but you know I never was much of a hand at sapping, and, for the present, the light work suits me well enough, for there's plenty to see and learn about in this place.

"We keep very gentlemanly hours. Chapel every morning at eight, and evening at seven. You must attend once a day, and twice on Sundays—at least, that's the rule of our college—and be in gates by twelve o'clock at night. Besides which, if you're a decently steady fellow, you ought to dine in hall perhaps four days a week. Hall is at five o'clock. And now you have the sum total. All the rest of your time you may just do what you like with.

"So much for our work and hours. Now for the place. Well, it's a grand old place, certainly; and I dare say, if a fellow goes straight in it, and gets creditably through his three years, he may end by loving it as much as we do the old school-house and quadrangle at Rugby. Our college is a fair specimen: a venerable old front of crumbling stone fronting the street, into which two or three other colleges look also. Over the gateway is a large room, where the college examinations go on, when there are any. * * * * *

"The large quadrangle into which you come first, is bigger than ours at Rugby, and a much more solemn and sleepy sort of a place, with its gables and old mullioned windows. This quadrangle is the show part of the college, and is generally respectable and quiet, which is a good deal more than can be said for the inner quadrangle, which you get at through a passage leading out of the other. The rooms ain't half so large or good in the inner quad; and here's where all we freshmen live, besides a lot of the older undergraduates who don't care to change their rooms. Only one tutor has rooms here; and I should think, if he's a reading

man, it won't be long before he clears out; for all sorts of high jinks go on on the grass-plot, and the row on the staircases is often as bad, and not half so respectable, as it used to be in the middle passage in the last week of the half-year.

"My rooms are what they call garrets, right up in the roof, with a commanding view of college tiles and chimney pots, and of houses at the back. No end of cats, both college Toms and strangers, haunt the neighborhood, and I am rapidly learning cat-talking from them; but I'm not going to stand it—I don't want to know cat-talk. The college Toms are protected by the statutes, I believe; but I'm going to buy an air-gun for the benefit of the strangers. My rooms are pleasant enough, at the top of the kitchen staircase, and separated from all mankind by a great, iron-clamped, outer door, my oak, which I sport when I go out or want to be quiet; sitting-room eighteen by twelve, bed-room twelve by eight, and a little cupboard for the scout.

"Ah, Geordie, the scout is an institution! Fancy me waited upon and valeted by a stout party in black, of quiet, gentlemanly manners, like the benevolent father in a comedy. He takes the deepest interest in all my possessions and proceedings, and is evidently used to good society, to judge by the amount of crockery and glass, and grocery, which he thinks indispensable for my due establishment. He has also been good enough to recommend to me many tradesmen who are ready to supply these articles in any quantities; each of whom has been here already a dozen times, cap in hand, and vowing that it is quite immaterial when I pay—

which is very kind of them; but, with the highest respect for friend Perkins (my scout) and his obliging friends, I shall make some inquiries before 'letting in' with any of them. He waits on me in hall, where we go in full fig of cap and gown at five, and get very good dinners, and cheap enough. It is rather a fine old room, with a good, arched, black oak ceiling and high panelling, hung round with pictures of old swells, bishops and lords chiefly, who have endowed the college in some way, or at least have fed here in times gone by, and for whom, 'cæterisque benefactoribus nostris,' we daily give thanks in a long Latin grace, which one of the undergraduates (I think it must be) goes and rattles out at the end of the high table, and then comes down again from the dais to his own place. No one feeds at the high table except the dons and the gentlemen-commoners, who are undergraduates in velvet caps and silk gowns. Why they wear these instead of cloth and serge I haven't yet made out—I believe it is because they pay double fees; but they seem uncommonly wretched up at the high table, and I should think would sooner pay double to come to the other end of the hall. * * * *

"I was very nearly forgetting a great institution of the college, which is the buttery-hatch, just opposite the hall-door. Here abides the fat old butler (all the servants at St. Ambrose's are portly), and serves out limited bread, butter, and cheese, and unlimited beer brewed by himself, for an hour in the morning, at noon, and again at supper-time. Your scout always fetches you a pint or so on each occasion;

in case you should want it, and if you don't, it falls to him; but I can't say that my fellow gets much, for I am naturally a thirsty soul, and cannot often resist the malt myself, coming up, as it does, fresh and cool, in one of the silver tankards, of which we seem to have an endless supply.

"I spent a day or two in the first week, before I got shaken down into my place here, in going round and seeing the other colleges, and finding out what great men had been at each (one got a taste for that sort of work from the Doctor, and I'd nothing else to do). Well, I never was more interested: fancy ferreting out Wycliffe, the Black Prince, our friend Sir Walter Raleigh, Pym, Hampden, Laud, Ireton, Butler, and Addison, in one afternoon. I walked about two inches taller in my trencher cap after it. Perhaps I may be going to make dear friends with some fellow who will change the history of England. Why shouldn't I? There must have been freshmen once who were chums of Wycliffe of Queen's, or Raleigh of Oriel. I mooned up and down the High-street, staring at all the young faces in caps, and wondering which of them would turn out great generals, or statesmen, or poets. Some of them will, of course, for there must be a dozen at least, I should think, in every generation of undergraduates, who will have a good deal to say to the ruling and guiding of the British nation before they die.

"But, after all, the river is the feature of Oxford, to my mind; a glorious stream, not five minutes' walk from the colleges, broad enough in most places for three boats to row abreast. I expect I shall take to boating furiously: I have been down the river

three or four times already with some other freshmen, and it is glorious exercise; that I can see, though we bungle and cut crabs desperately at present.

"Here's a long yarn I'm spinning for you; and I dare say after all you'll say it tells you nothing, and you'd rather have twenty lines about the men, and what they're thinking about, and the meaning and inner life of the place, and all that. Patience, patience! I don't know anything about it myself yet, and have only had time to look at the shell, which is a very handsome and stately affair; you shall have the kernel, if I ever get at it, in due time.

* * * * *

T. B.

Ænē' Id, the Latin heroic poem of Virgil.

dē' Is, a platform on which is the table where the chief guests sit.

dōn, the head of an English college, or one of the fellows.

Euclid (ū'klīd), principles of geometry.

Hē rōd' ō tūs, noted Greek historian.

mullioned (mūl' yūnd), barred.

scout (skout), a college student's servant.

vāl' ēt ēd, provided with a body servant.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step towards God,—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To purer air and a broader view.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears
 one,
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears
 one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and
 targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each
 man set!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand toward the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it; for a ridge of broken ground intervened. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms.

It was toward ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion.

They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload.

The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterward said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two.

The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and corn fields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the

same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon.

"There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me."

A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep.

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!"

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

āl tēr' ná tīve, choice of two things.

īm' mī nent, near at hand.

īn' tēr vōned', came between.

prē cision (sīzh' ūn), accuracy; correctness.

sāl' līed, issued suddenly; rushed out.

sī mūl tā' nē oūs, happening at the same time.

slō' gān, war cry.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not
one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—WORDSWORTH.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

A LION in his jaws caught up a child—
Not harming it—and to the woodland, wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey;
The beast, as one might cull a flower in May,
Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite,—
A lion's way, roughly compassionate!
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate;
Thrust in a cave which rumbled with each roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor,
He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
It was a rosy boy, son of a king;
A ten-year lad, with bright eyes shining wide;
And, save this son, his Majesty beside
Had but one girl—two years of age—and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,
His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand;
Sore terrified were all.—

By came a Knight
That road, who halted, asking, "What's the fright?"
They told him, and he spurred straight for the den.

(The poem then relates how the Knight entered the Lion's den and claimed the child; and how the Lion slew and devoured the Knight. Next a hermit essayed to rescue the lad by offering the Lion a free indulgence and a passport to Paradise; but the Lion roared in such indignation that the hermit was glad to escape with his life. Then a whole battalion of soldiers were sent forth with orders to bring back

the little Prince, and the Lion's hide. When they had besieged the Lion in his den, he gave forth a roar so terrible that the soldiers in horror fled. Then the Lion sent notice to the King that in the morning he would enter the city, bringing the Prince alive, and would eat him in the King's palace. At the time appointed, the people of the city saw a huge Lion stalking through their streets.)

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid ;
How make resistance? briefly, no one did ;
The soldiers left their posts, the gates stood wide ;
'Twas felt the Lion had upon his side
A majesty so godlike, such an air —
That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair —
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce Beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
In many a spot with those vile darts scarred still,
As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
Yet nothing recks that giant-trunk ; so here
Paced this proud wounded Lion, free of fear,
While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy — aswoon.

Is't true
Princes are flesh and blood? Ah, yes! and you
Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
Swing in the Lion's mouth, body and limb :
The tender captive gripped by those grim fangs,
On either side the jowl helplessly hangs,
Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth.
And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,
A grievous thing to wish to roar, yet be
Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,

His pent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies;
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft
Might miss the Beast and pierce the Prince:

So. still

As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
This Lion, scorning town and townsfolk, sick
To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
To the King's house, hoping to meet there one
Who dares to speak with him:—outside is none!
The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast;
He enters it—within those walls at last!—
No man!

For, certes, though he raged and wept,
His Majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm: now, death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey,
And when the Lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts: "This wretched
King!

'Tis well, I'll eat his boy!" Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all!
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied!
And as he walked he looked from side to side

To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
'The princely morsel. Ah! what sight astounds
That grisly lounge?

In the palace-grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The Prince's sister; all alone—undressed—
She sate up singing: children sing so best!

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!
A mouth all rosebud, blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel hard at play! a dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
If girls were hatched!—all these! Eyes, too, so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!

* * * * *

The Beast caught sight of her, and stopped—
And then
Entered; the joists creaked as he stalked straight in!
Above the playthings by the little bed
The Lion put his shaggy massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she quick spying, "Brother! brother!" cried,
"Oh! my own brother!" and, unterrified—

Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood;
And—well! who knows what thoughts these small
heads hold?

She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces—this huge Brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her,—
“*Don't be put out, now! there he is, Dear! there!*”

certes (sēr' tēz), certainly; in truth (obsolete).
jōwl, cheek; jaw.

munch, to chew with a grinding sound.
pěr' ād vēr' tūre, by chance; perhaps.
Typhon (tī' fōn), the father of the winds.

ICHABOD CRANE'S ADVENTURE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From “*A Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*”)

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In



WASHINGTON IRVING.

the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid.

In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered,—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree,—he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it

was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare.

Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it.

To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was

only to plunge into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting; but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer.

Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted

on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind,—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip,—but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched

his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church-bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of

the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."

Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; — dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster.

Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle

trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm-tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe.

As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a "New England Almanac," and a book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel.

These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation

at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found.

The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court.

Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to

suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

cav' ěrn oũs (kāv'), hollow.

competitor (kõm pět' i těr), associate.

cor' dũ roy' (kõr'), a sort of cotton velvet.

cra' nĩ ũm (krä'), the skull, or bony case containing the brain.

executor (ěga ěk' ũ těr), the person appointed to execute a will.

fãn tãs' tic (tĩk), grotesque; oddly-shaped.

ĩn flĕx' i b'le, unyielding; stubborn.

pĕd' ā gogue (gõg), a teacher of children.

pĕr' ti nã' ciours (shũs), determined; persevering.

stärve' lĩng, lean.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

—EMERSON.

HAROLD'S SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

* * * * *

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

*Isle.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold —
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

băt' t'le ment, a parapet or wall.
băt' trëss, a mass of brick-work or
 masonry, usually a support or prop.
deign (dăn), to condescend.

păn' ō plý, defensive armor.
pín' nêt, a pinnacle.
sac' rîs tÿ (săk'), vestry-room.

HAROLD'S SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From - The Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

O listen, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”

“Tis not because Lord Lisle’s heir
To-night at Roslin leas’d to fall,
But that my ladye-mother
Sits lonely in her chamber still.

* * *

O’er Roslin

A woe

’Twas

It glared on Roslin's castle red
 It ruddied all the copse and
 'Twas seen from Dryden's grove
 And seen from cavern's entrance

Seem'd all on fire that day
 Where Roslin's chiefs were slain
 Each Baron, for a while
 Sheathed in his iron mail

Seem'd all on fire within
 Deep sacristy and altar
 Shone every pillar in
 And glimmer'd all the floor

Blazed battle-flags and banners
 Blazed every banner
 So still they lay
 The lordly line of kings

There are many a loved as truly as
 Lie buried with their mortal gift. The spot
 Each one the hero's grave, as in a dream,
 But the scene then surrounded, seem
 And each S. memory of them is inter-
 With of thoughts; they are part of
 But the scene grows we knew with them
 But the scene grows we now can taste.

See the tinge of the colors with
 Men imbued. We bear with us
 Through long years, the memories
 Of that fresh springtime, when
 Created anew and a smile of God
 Held. With the love of home and

PATRIOTISM.

BISHOP J. L. SPALDING.

(From "Things of the Mind.")

And Thou, O God, of whom we hold
Our country and our Freedom fair,
Within Thy tender love enfold
This land ; for all Thy people care.
Uplift our hearts above our fortunes high,
Let not the good we have make us forget
The better things that in Thy heavens lie !
Keep, still, amid the fever and the fret
Of all this eager life, our thoughts on Thee,
The Hope, the Strength, the God of all the Free.

Love of country springs from so many sources which have their fountain-head in our inmost being that it scarcely needs commending ; and it has found such abundant and varied expression in the art and literature of all nations that it is difficult to praise it without falling into commonplace. Each one seems to himself, if he go not beyond primitive, unreflecting consciousness, a separate, independent being, whose thought, love, and deeds are determined simply by his own personality. A little attention, however, will show him that whatever he sees, knows, and feels is part of himself. As his body is kept living by the constant assimilation of food and air, so his mind and heart are kept alive and active through communion with what may be perceived and understood, or admired and loved.

The ties which bind us to earth and heaven, to air and water, the sympathies which unite us with

whatever is beautiful, true, or good, the attractions which draw us to beings like and yet unlike ourselves, are but forms of self-love. We find and love in what is not ourselves that which we need to round and complete our lives. The desire to grow toward and into all things is the divine spark in our nature, the impulse which makes us yearn for more knowledge, more love, more happiness, more possessions. We tend ultimately to identify ourselves with God and His universe and the objects and persons we learn to know and love are the stepping-stones in the ascent toward the divine life.

The instinct for local and personal attachments is born in us; it is found in the mere animal,—the horse knows his stall, the dog loves his master. Our fondness for things and persons is not wholly determined by their qualities. The cottage of the poor is cherished more than the palace of the rich; the most helpless child is often a mother's darling. Bleak and cheerless Lapland is loved as truly as Italy, dowered with beauty's fatal gift. The spot where our young years were passed, as in a dream, the persons by whom we were then surrounded, seem fair and good to us. The memory of them is intertwined with all our thoughts; they are part of ourselves. The very sorrows we knew with them are sweeter than the joys we now can taste.

Our souls never lose the tinge of the colors with which they were then imbued. We bear with us into distant lands, through long years, the memories of that dewy dawn, of that fresh springtime, when all things seemed created anew and a smile of God rested upon His world. With the love of home and

of those who made it home, the love of country first begins to stir within the heart; for our country is and remains our fatherland, the land where we knew a father's and a mother's love. This is the meaning of the Greek word "patriotism;" it is the love of the fathers; of their thoughts and hopes; of their deeds and aspirations. It is therefore something far higher and deeper than a mere attachment to places, though fair and pleasant they be.

Our sympathy with nature, however, is very real. We feel a kinship with stars and flowers; we are uplifted by mountains; we are awed by the ocean; we are fresh and happy with spring; we are sober and subdued with autumn; and this general feeling becomes tenderer and more human when it is associated with what is dear to us for reasons personal to ourselves. In this way the scenery in which our home is set, by which our country is characterized, touches us more nearly, awakens more grateful and delightful thoughts than aught we can behold elsewhere.

If we are moulded by our surroundings we also help to create them, and objects which for years we have been accustomed to look upon day by day have for us a meaning and a sacredness, a charm and a beauty which they lose when viewed by the indifferent eyes of strangers. Thus the physical features of the fatherland, whether noble or common, impress the imagination and color the souls of the children; they enter into our patriotic feelings, as the face, the voice, the gestures of one we love seem to become part of our love. When the German remembers the Rhine, with its vine-clad hills and

feudal castles, his heart thrills with emotion for the whole German land. The Irishman who turns to Erin feels his pulse beat quicker when he thinks of the glories of Wicklow and Killarney. And so all men are pleased with the natural excellencies and beauties of their country; the fertility of its soil, the salubrity and temperateness of its climate, its high mountains, its deep valleys, its mighty rivers, its bays and inlets, its islands and solemn woods, its waterfalls, casting their white incense to heaven,—all help to make it precious and dear; and it becomes still dearer when genius or heroism has thrown its light upon nature's charms.

Monuments like the Cathedral of Cologne, or Westminster Abbey, or St. Peter's in Rome, are centers of patriotic feeling. The emigrant to far lands thinks of them with a sentiment akin to that of the Israelite in captivity: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion!" "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning." The ruins of what our forefathers built, the battlefields whereon they shed their blood for right and freedom, the graves where their bones are buried make sacred the land. But these local attachments and associations, sweet and holy though they are, and inseparable from right feeling are not of the essence of patriotism; for our true human world is spiritual, not material; the city of the soul, and not that in which the body tabernacles, is our country.

When in some foreign land we hear the sacred name spoken, in the old familiar mother-tongue, and our pulse quickens, and our eye brightens, and

our bosom heaves, and the speaker—whom perchance we have never seen before—seems to be our brother, our emotion is caused by something higher and purer than local attachments and memories. We live in the spirit or not at all; and the material things we possess or strive for seem good to us because we believe they are serviceable to the higher life of thought and love. A sentiment in common, a deep, far-pervading feeling that animates a collective body as with one soul, is what makes a national consciousness.

Fertile fields may be made waste, cities desolate, rivers dry; the ruins of the homes of our youth may be trodden by the hoofs of beasts, friends may turn from us, and civil strife rend the land, but the love of country still burns with its steady, inextinguishable glow within our hearts. We love the fatherland, not alone or chiefly for the food it gives, the property it protects, the security it provides; we love it above all for the richer, freer, nobler human life which it makes possible: not so much for its high mountains, its wide-spreading plains, its broad rivers, its thundering cataracts, its pleasant and bracing air, as for the noble freedom, the generous love, the great thoughts which enter into and determine the national spirit and character.

Our country is the symbol of all that is most priceless on earth—liberty, truth, devotion, loyalty. Its name is intertwined with the memories, hopes, loves, and aspirations of all our life; it is as dear to us as that of our mother, as full of sweet suggestiveness as that of home, as near to our hearts as the names of the friends we most love. At its

invocation our whole nature changes: if timid, we become brave; if hard, sympathetic; if selfish, generous. We turn from wealth and pleasant company and the most cherished pursuits if that sacred name ring out in the bugle call, and, throwing all things away, we rush forward to defy danger and death that we may save our country's honor and independence.

"It is a pleasant and glorious thing," says Horace, "to die for one's country;" and no line of ancient poetry has evoked a more universal response. Whatever else may change or wholly pass away, patriotism is as imperishable as religion, as immortal as love; for to all well-born hearts the native land is forever dear, whether strong and free or helpless and in chains. The memory of its glories and triumphs descends through a hundred generations, and when the people itself perishes, the deeds of its heroes become the property of the whole race of man. Through a thousand years of suffering and sorrow, of tyranny and oppression, the heavenly passion still lives, and from out the gloom, the lovers of their country look to God, waiting in hope, till the dawn of a better day shall break, bringing promise of freedom and new life.

in' vō cation (kă' shūn), earnest and
solemn entreaty.
prīm' i tīve, first; original.

sā lū' brī tŷ, healthfulness.
ūl' tī mâte lŷ, in the end; at last.

Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.

—WALTER SCOTT.

A WESTERN SUNSET.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

We stood upon the clovered hill
And watched the splendid sun go down
Behind the old, deserted mill
And scattered cabins, small and brown.

* * * * *

A purple streamer in the west
Was stretched above a bank of snow,
While saffron clouds had sunk to rest
In spreading orange fields below.

Two fleecy shapes did twist and twine
Until they formed a giant cup,
Which plunged into a sea of wine
And, bubbling o'er, was lifted up.

She pointed to a scarlet bar—
My sweet companion, young and fair,
And wondered if the evening star
Were frightened as it trembled there.

We lingered long; a cooling breeze
Came laden with the breath of musk;
We heard low pipings in the trees,
And clear notes dropping through the dusk.

saffron (frūn), an orange or deep yellow color.

It is better to say: "This one thing I do," than
to say: "These forty things I dabble in."

—WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

The following key explains the symbols which are used in the vocabulary of The New Century Fourth Reader, to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary:

ā - - as in **fāte**.
ă - - as in **pref' āce**.
ǎ - - as in **ădd**.
â - - as in **âir**.
ä - - as in **fär**.
à - - as in **gràss**.
ǻ - - as in **ǻll**.

ē - - as in **ēve**.
ĕ - - as in **ĕ-vent'**.
ě - - as in **ěnd**.
ě - - as in **hěrr**.

ī - - as in **īce**.
ĭ - - as in **ĭ-de' a**.
ĩ - - as in **pĩn**.

ō - - as in **rōw**.
ô - - as in **ô-bey'**.
õ - - as in **nõt**.
ô - - as in **lôrd**.

ū - - - as in **ūse**.
û - - - as in **û-nite'**.
ǔ - - - as in **ǔp**.
u - - - as in **rude**.
u - - - as in **full**.
û - - - as in **ûrn**.

ȳ - - - as in **flȳ**.
ÿ - - - as in **pit' ŷ**.

ōō - - - as in **mōōn**.
ōō - - - as in **gōōd**.
ou - - - as in **out**.
oi - - - as in **oil**.
ŋ=ng - as in **ink**.
th - - - as in **this**.

H has a sound similar to a strongly aspirated *h*.

N—represents the nasal sound of the preceding vowel; as in - - - **ensemble** (ăn' sŭn' b'l).

Silent letters are italicized. Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured, are also italicized.



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